

The Listener

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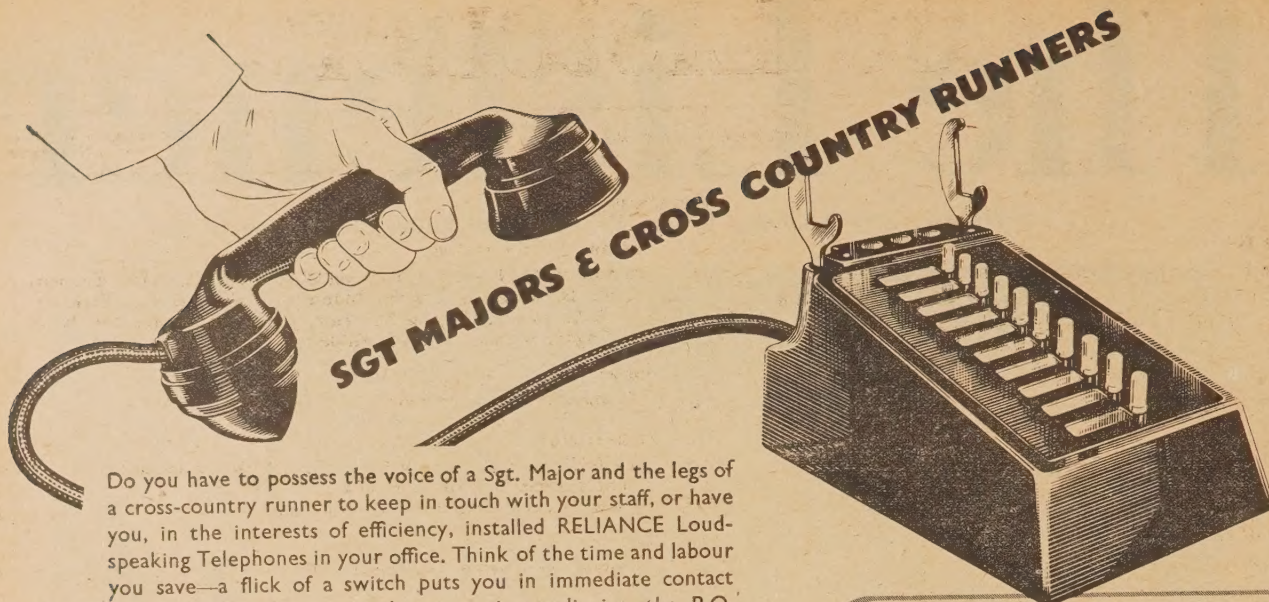
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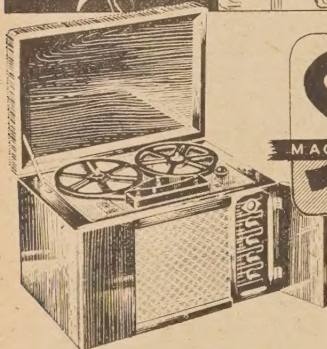
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The Listener

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The Case for German Rearmament

WILLIAM PICKLES gives the first of five talks on the Bonn and Paris Agreements

SOMETIME within the next four months the Bonn and Paris Agreements—that is, the contractual agreements with Germany and the treaty creating the European Defence Community—will be submitted for ratification to the parliaments of most of the countries concerned. It is no secret that in two of the countries—France and Germany—ratification is still far from certain, and in all the others there are doubts in many people's minds about both documents. There is nothing surprising in this. If we are to weigh up the advantages and disadvantages of the Bonn and Paris Agreements, we have to answer different questions about the future policies and intentions of three countries—of Russia, Germany, and the U.S.A.—and as there are at least two sets of answers to each of the three sets of questions, there are very many possible combinations of answers. No wonder people disagree.

I think I am right in putting the question about Russia first. If Russia had stuck to her bargains and helped to supervise Germany jointly with her three partners, until all four were agreed that it was safe to leave Germany free again, there would certainly never have been any question of rearming any Germans at all. If Russia had helped to make the United Nations work, the problem of Germany's future could have been left to that body. If Russia had refrained from pushing one of her satellites into a new war in Korea, fewer people would have felt the need to rearm for the defence of the west. But Russia did none of these things. On the contrary, she divided Germany, paralysed the United Nations,

and, at least passively, encouraged the North Korean aggression.

So the first question was forced upon us: does Russia contemplate either active aggression or policies which may lead her into aggression through miscalculation? It can be argued with force that Russia will avoid direct and open aggression. She appears to have been careful to keep her own soldiers out of any aggressive action and, if she is sensible, she will obviously go on doing so. Even on that, however, we cannot be certain. It could be that war by proxy—wars fought for Russia by North Koreans or Chinese, Indo-chinese, Malays, and so on—pays good enough dividends only for the moment. We just do not know, and that uncertainty alone would have compelled the west at least to consider defensive rearmament. But Russia also showed herself willing to take immense risks with peace. She was prepared to shoot down or knock down English, French, American, and Swedish aeroplanes, to blockade Berlin, to keep up a long series of kidnappings and murders, and, finally, since the democracies tolerated all these provocations, to send a satellite 'blitzkrieging' through South Korea. That was a bad miscalculation; so bad, that it may be that only a quite unprecedented degree of self-restraint by the United Nations commanders has prevented it from leading already to a third world war. Moreover, it is since the Korean war that Russians have shot down French and Swedish aircraft and offered new threats to Berlin, so it may even be that western restraint has encouraged Russian recklessness.

Clearly, therefore, until Russia begins to show signs at least of caution, if not of co-operativeness, the rest of us have no choice but to prepare to defend ourselves. We can no longer passively accept the risk of Russia, some day, taking a step from which she cannot withdraw.

If Russia Attacked the West . . .

That takes us into the second set of questions—about Germany. The best available experts have calculated that nothing less than fifty to fifty-five divisions could hold a Russian assault on the west if it came. Even if the United States, Great Britain, France, and the smaller western countries could have provided these fifty-five divisions—which they could not—it would still have been necessary to consider a German contingent, because British and French parents would not have been content to send their sons to fight in Germany, and partly for Germany, while the Germans stood by and watched, or made money out of the war.

And there, of course, is the core of the argument. Five years ago, no sane individual in Britain or France or Belgium or Holland could nor would have suggested putting arms into German hands for a long time to come, if ever. I do not know any single individual today who is wholly happy about the idea, so the objections may as well be frankly stated.

The first is a matter of what the Germans call geopolitics. There is no people on earth, the objectors say, who, if they lived in the centre of Europe, with ample supplies of coal and steel and manpower, and easy communications in every direction, could resist the temptation to try to expand at the expense of their neighbours. To that, the argument goes on, one must add the historical evidence of German psychology. The German nation has an abominable inferiority complex, which it acquired in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Like the individual with an inferiority complex, the Germans are jealous and envious of their neighbours and will seek to prove their superior strength if they can. Moreover, they acquired their national consciousness and their national outlook from writers who taught that the moral code applied only to individuals; nations must think only in terms of power. The Nietzsches and Rosenbergs and Hitlers rubbed home this cynical view. *Realpolitik* is a German word; the rest of us have only borrowed it, and it means that, in politics, might is always right. And if you object that this is all theory, there are the facts of 1870, 1914, and 1939 to back it up.

Pattern of German Behaviour

Nor does the argument end there—though at that point it divides into two. One group of objectors believes that a rearmed western Germany would drag its allies into aggressive war to recover its *irredenta* territories beyond the Elbe. Another group takes a different line. Germans, they say, will never fight each other, but Germans are experts in the art of playing off east and west against each other. Sooner or later, on German initiative or on Russian, a rearmed Germany would join with Russia against the west. And these arguments do not necessarily cancel each other out. The urge to unity and the instinct for horse-trading could well combine, if Russia offered Germany unity in return for alliance. It is true that, at the moment, the German Socialists reject rearmament and the German Catholics dislike communism as much as anything. But men die and parties change, while the pattern of German psychology and German behaviour has remained immutable for a century and a half. It is safer, the argument runs, to trust the lessons of history than the words of any politician.

There is another school of thought which sees German armaments as a provocation to Russia, but I confess that this seems to me groundless. Appeasement of Russia has certainly failed. What looks like provocation may even do good, but it is more likely, as an English newspaper has put it, that the Russians are 'unprovokable and unappeasable'—that they follow their chosen path, whatever the rest of the world may do. So fear of provoking

Russia leaves me cold. But the other argument seems to me to be broadly true.

Yet I believe in German rearmament, partly for the reasons already given. There is a risk of Russian aggression, intentional or otherwise, and the remaining western countries cannot or will not provide an adequate defence alone. Moreover, the danger from Russia does not lie in a hypothetical future, like the German. The Red Army is a present fact. So is the Korean war. So are the constant Russian provocations. The simple law of self-preservation compels us to seek help *now*. Besides, some of the arguments to whose appeal I have confessed require more careful examination. As I have said, it may well be that a rearmed Germany might seek German unity or a Russian alliance, or both. But the arguments that raise those fears also suggest that, sooner or later, a disarmed or a neutralised Germany would do exactly the same things. The territory, the factories, the resources, the communications; the civilian man-power of disarmed Germany might well present themselves to the Russian mind as a good enough return for the restoration of German unity. And in the German mind, surely the first necessity is to ensure that the next war, if there is one, is not fought out on German soil. That means aligning oneself with one set of armies or the other and helping them to thrust the fighting away from Germany's frontiers. So that if we reject German assistance we thrust Germany willy-nilly into the arms of Russia. We have a better chance of restraining Germany from aggressive irredentism or treacherous counter-alliance if we try now to agree with her on the terms and conditions on which we are to work together.

A European Army and N.A.T.O.

It may be that the conditions we have made will not be a sufficient safeguard. The attempt to make German units part of a European force may fail. But to try to make it succeed is surely better than simply to wring our hands in self-pity over the dilemma in which we find ourselves. And even if the European Defence Community should prove a failure, there is a second line of defence, which to some of us seems much more sure. That second line is the integration of the European Army into the N.A.T.O. forces, along with British and American units.

This, it is true, raises the third of the three sets of doubts which I mentioned: the doubts about the United States. Many people fear a withdrawal of the United States from Europe. But the Democratic Party and the now dominant Eisenhower wing of the Republican Party are both committed to participation in western defence, and it is difficult to foresee conditions in which America's own interests will not demand that participation. It is true that things may change, but it is also true that we cannot demand any greater certainty than we have now got. There is, after all, no certainty in life. Germany may turn on us, or try to use us for her own purposes—but we shall not prevent her from achieving those purposes by simply yielding to the first fear that strikes our minds. We have to choose between fears, and accept some risk anyhow.

Nor can we avoid a decision. To do nothing is to decide: to decide to leave our fate to chance or to the will of others. To postpone also is to decide: to decide in favour of the risk of doing everything too late. The courageous thing and the sensible thing is first to measure the risks and choose between them, then to do what we can to mitigate those we have chosen. I believe that they can be mitigated. I believe that if history teaches us to mistrust Germany, it also teaches us that the Germans, whatever their defects, have the virtue of adaptability and that no national psychology remains unchanged for all time. That is why, in my view, we must go on and ratify the treaties. We must remain alert and intelligent and ready to adapt. We must watch for signs of danger from Germany or hope from Russia and be ready to act on either or both. But we cannot delay or turn back at this stage. To go ahead now is to make history. To hesitate is to leave history to make or unmake us.—*European Service*

British Shipping: How Do We Stand?

By ROLAND THORNTON

THE arrival of a fine, new American ship on the Atlantic passenger ferry service leads rather naturally to a study of the British mercantile marine as a whole and of how it stands as an industry facing world-wide competition. First of all, let us get things into some sort of perspective. The Atlantic passenger ferry service, for example, employs a volume of tonnage which is very small indeed compared with the total mercantile marine of the world. A few hundred thousand tons, compared with a total of 80,000,000. It is the size and character of the ships themselves that catch the public imagination and give them a disproportionate interest. Enormous floating hotels, discharging empty beer bottles by the ton at the end of the voyage, sending 4,000 sheets and pillow slips to the laundry, and so on. But the fact is that, although the British share of the sea-borne passenger trade of the world is far greater than that of any other country, still the revenue we earn from passengers is only about ten per cent. of the revenue we earn from freight.

We will return, then, to the Atlantic later. Let us look first at the British mercantile marine as a whole, what its various sections do, and how they stand in the post-war world. There is one entirely specialised form of shipping—the tanker. The consumption both of heavy oil and of petrol is going up steadily year by year throughout the world, and the amount of sea haulage required to get these oils to the consumer is reaching enormous proportions. Indeed, the main reason for the large volume of work which British shipbuilding yards are still enjoying six years after the war is due to this apparently insatiable demand for more tankers. The largest tanker owners are the United States and Great Britain, about equal, followed by Norway some way behind. So we have nothing to be ashamed of there.

The carriage of freight falls into two sharply defined sections, the tramp and the liner. It is the tramp's business to carry whole cargoes, that is anything from 6,000 to 10,000 tons, of one commodity. It may be cement, steel, chemical manures, timber, grain, coal, ore, sugar. These are things which move about the world in millions of tons a year. There are, or should be, stocks at both ends, and a single load of, say, 8,000 tons represents a very insignificant unit in a long continuous movement. No one is in a hurry for it, speed is not required, and the cargo itself is easy to carry. The tramp's job is to provide the simplest and cheapest form of conveyance across the sea that it is possible to provide. Competition between tramp owners is therefore confined almost entirely to one medium, namely cost. If you want 6d. more than the other man, you just do not get the business.

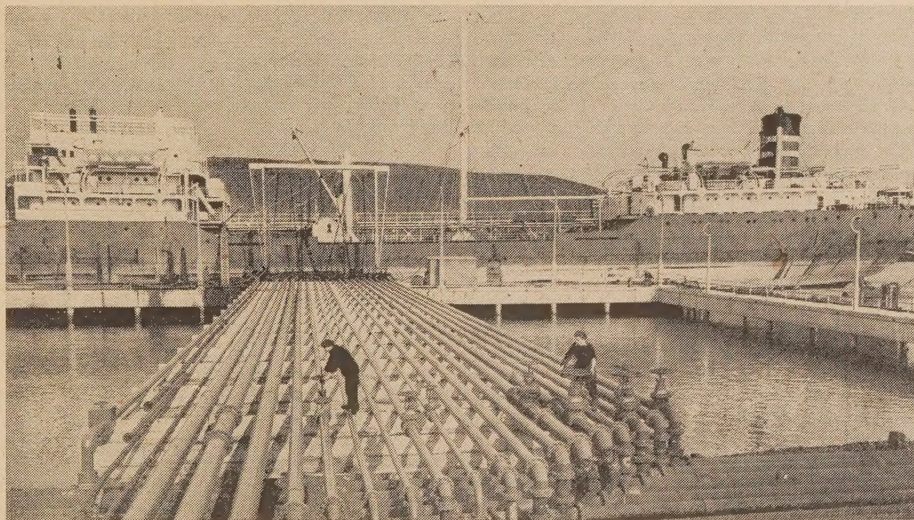
There is one obvious deduction from that. The wages of the crew of a ship represent a large part of the total cost of operation. It follows that countries which have a low standard of living, and therefore of wages, are very favourably placed to compete in the business of tramp shipping. And they do compete very strongly. Shipping is an international business. The tramp section of the British mercantile marine

is a good deal smaller than before the war and I think it unlikely that it will increase. There used to be about 4,500,000 tons of it; now there are only about 2,750,000. None the less, we still remain, I should imagine, the largest tramp-owners in the world, and we have a hard core of extremely efficient and tenacious tramp managements, who would be very angry with me if I were to suggest that they are in any danger of going out of business. For one must always remember that, although on strict economic principles the low-cost countries might be expected to provide the tramp ships of the world, it does not necessarily follow that these countries can mobilise the large amount of capital, the commercial confidence, and the individual enterprise that would be required for so vast an undertaking.

Next there are the liners. The liner's job is to carry the miscellaneous merchandise of the world. From the great manufacturing centres of Europe and the United States it carries to the less-developed countries all the thousand-and-one products of modern industry: railway locomotives and whisky, heavy machinery and delicate textiles, steel-framed windows and biscuits, drums of paint and chocolates, motor-cars and cigarettes, pedigree

stallions and Scottish kippers, farm tractors and passengers. A single cargo of the miscellaneous character I have described is apt to be worth nowadays about £1,500,000. The ship herself may be worth about £1,000,000. So every voyage of such a ship represents a 'venture', as the maritime lawyers call it, valued at about £2,500,000. And all of it entrusted to an operational crew consisting of a master, with probably four navigating and eight engineer officers, assisted by about fifteen ratings on deck and another twelve in the engine-room. As an essay in mechanisation, by which I mean the economical use of manpower, I doubt whether any industry on shore could better it. Pay a visit to one of our great ports and watch one of these handsome ships entering or leaving dock in a cross wind, with only a few feet to spare on either side. She is nearly 500 feet long and has to be tended both fore and aft. But you will not see more than a dozen men on her deck and you will hardly hear a whistle blown or an order shouted. Speaking industrially, you will be watching as pretty an exhibition of pure craftsmanship as you could wish to see.

The main features of the liner are that she is a fast and expensive ship, that she serves a regular range of ports, and that she sails full or empty on a fixed advertised date. This is important for the shipper of high-class merchandise, who may have a contract to keep, and still more important for the passenger, who has his own very important domestic or business arrangements to make. The liner section of the British mercantile marine is by far the most important in size, in earning power, and in potential strategic value. It represents an imposing fleet of 8,000,000 tons and is far larger than that of any other country. It has fully replaced its war losses and is today rather larger and substantially faster than it was before the war. Within this fleet are the ships which the public is apt rather mistakenly to call 'passenger-



A British tanker discharging oil at the Llandarcy refinery, South Wales

ships', whereas in fact with few exceptions they are really both cargo and passenger liners, though the revenue from passengers in their case may substantially exceed the revenue from cargo. These are the fine ships of 15,000 tons and over, with a speed of twenty knots or more, which we associate with some of our famous established lines, such as P. and O., Cunard, Orient, Royal Mail, Union Castle, and so on. They include the giant ships of the Atlantic Ferry. No other country, except America and France, can boast more than half-a-dozen of such ships, and we have nearly sixty.

No picture of the British mercantile marine would be complete without reference to its labour relations. The first obvious comment to make is that there has not been a strike in the industry for thirty years. On the other hand, by appointing resolute but sensible men to represent him, the seaman of today has a wage five-and-a-half times what it was in 1914 and nearly three times what it was in 1939. He gets free food, of course, while afloat, and he eats about three times the domestic ration which you and I are allowed to draw. On cigarettes and drinks he saves, in my own company's ships, no less than 40s. a week in duty. He gets more paid holidays a year than any other industrial worker. There is a special feature, too, in his terms of employment. We are the only industry which offers a collective contract of employment to its workers. That is to say, if you prefer not to join a particular company, or that company does not want you, you can sign a contract with the industry as a whole. That contract guarantees, for two years at a time, either to find you a ship or to pay you subsistence while waiting for one. British shipowners, with no pressure from public opinion, can claim with justice that they have done everything possible to express in recognisable and enduring terms the debt of gratitude which our country owes to its seamen for their superb courage in the war.

I think we can say, then, that the British mercantile marine is in pretty good shape as one of our national industries working in a highly competitive international field. In its capacity to earn foreign currency it is one of our largest export industries. Its main problem is the character of that competition. What nearly wrecked us between the wars was the large volume of surplus tonnage put into commission by various countries, heavily assisted by grants and subsidies from the state.

How do we stand in that respect today? The United States came out of the war with an imposing fleet of liners and, owing to the unpleasant international situation which has persisted ever since, their policy has been to keep the largest possible volume of merchant tonnage in commission for general strategic reasons. But America is not only a high-cost country, it is a *very* high-cost country. It is quite impossible to build a ship in the United States, man her with American seamen, and put her on to the miscellaneous trade routes of the world in straight competition with the ships of European maritime countries. Except in trades to and from their own country, therefore, not one of these

American ships can steam a mile without financial help from the state.

Apart from America, there are three important maritime countries, Germany, Italy, and Japan, which have still to disclose their post-war policies. If any or all of them develop with state finance a marine of artificial size, quite unrelated to the true requirements of world trade, then sooner or later we shall face a repetition of the disastrous conditions of the nineteen-thirties.

And so back to the Atlantic. The *United States* herself is in a special category. She has been a government-sponsored project throughout, and has been built under the supervision of the United States Navy basically for conversion to a troop carrier. More than half the cost of the ship has been met by the Government, and there will also be a large annual subsidy given to the operating company. Regarded as an *hotel*, she is of course the last word in modern American hotel design. How comfortable she will be, not as an hotel but as a boat, no one can tell till the Atlantic wakes up in the autumn. Technically she has a number of new features, and altogether I expect the Cunard Line will welcome her warmly as an interesting and stimulating competitor.

The Cunard have a long memory. They have been operating the Atlantic consistently for 112 years and have never drowned a passenger yet. They have seen a lot of rivals come and go in that time, including a similar special effort by the United States a hundred years ago. Moreover, since ships have to last for twenty years or more, it follows that, in the ordinary progress of nautical design, sometimes the Cunard have had the fastest ships and sometimes they have not. It has made no difference whatever to their steady survival, which in my opinion as an onlooker is due to other and far more important factors, namely sound commercial judgment and a consistently high standard both of ship operation and hotel management.

The *United States* is a very fast ship, and this is hardly surprising considering the strategic purpose for which she is held in reserve. There is nothing magical about speed in ships and, if money is no object, you can have almost any speed you like. None the less, it does need a delicate sense of streamline, and bold, confident engineering to bring it off, and everyone connected with ships must want to congratulate the designers who have been responsible for this fine achievement. But with the arrival of air travel there is no special call nowadays for fast ships, as such. And on the North Atlantic that is just as well for, if you want to drive a ship flat out, I cannot think of a worse place to do it. For about nine months of the year all that happens, if you try, is that you spend a fortune in fuel, you break a lot of crockery, you make a lot of people sick, you knock your ship about pretty badly, and you send ashore enough minor casualties to fill a fair-sized cottage hospital. I suspect that the owners of the *United States* will wisely keep her high speed in reserve for making up lost time, and that in due course the reputation they will claim will be not so much one of very fast passages as of never being five minutes late.—*Home Service*

The Gingerbread House

The first of three talks by HAROLD WINCOTT on 'Capitalism without Capital'

IN 1950, a shipowner wrote a letter to *The Times*. His letter epitomised what is probably the outstanding economic problem of our day. It might have been headed 'The Vanishing Fleet'. The shipowner had been making some calculations. He reckoned that if everything else remained approximately equal, if taxation, freight rates, the cost of replacing ships, and the dividends his company paid—if all these were unchanged over the next twenty years—then by 1970 his fleet would be reduced from twenty-five vessels to eight or nine.

If you asked the average businessman to tell you why the shipowner's fleet was going to vanish in this alarming fashion, he would almost certainly give you a short answer. He would say that taxation of companies is far too high. In a way, he would be correct. But this is not the complete answer. For before the shipowner pays any tax, he is allowed to keep, tax-free, enough of his income to make good—in theory—the wear and tear on his ships. Unduly high taxation of his profits may prevent him from saving or attracting enough capital to expand his fleet, if this theory is right. But equally, if the theory is

right, the shipowner should be no worse off than the Red Queen in *Through the Looking Glass*, who, you will remember, managed to keep in the same place by running pretty hard.

What upsets the theory is inflation—that condition which everyone roundly condemns but which most people, secretly, enjoy. Because of inflation, a shipowner may find that the ship which cost him, say, £500,000 to build in 1950 is going to cost him perhaps £1,000,000 to replace in 1970—twice as much. In the years between he will be allowed to keep, tax free, only £500,000 of his income. This would cover his original cost, but it is only half what he needs to pay for a new ship when the old one is worn out. So where he had two ships in 1950, he will have only one in 1970: unless, that is, he can save sufficient extra funds out of his taxed profits, or attract new money from outside the business, to buy the second ship. This, obviously, is where the question of high taxation comes in. For if the inflation is steady enough and prolonged enough, and if taxation is high enough, it is mathematically impossible for the shipowner to maintain his real assets from

taxed profits. In other words, the amount which the Inland Revenue allows the shipowner to keep, after tax, will not make up the difference between his wear-and-tear allowances and the new ship at 1970 prices. Equally, as most of us know from personal experience, high taxation reduces the individual's capacity to save. So the shipowner cannot turn to individual savings to replenish his assets.

Changing Factors in the Equation

Of course, the shipowner would not want to be pinned down in 1952 to the exact calculations he made in 1950. The other factors he mentioned have not remained equal. Shortly before he wrote his letter, the Korean war broke out, and for this and other reasons, shipping freights and shipping profits soared. But other factors in the equation rose too; taxation, operating expenses, and the cost of replacing ships, for example. And now freights are falling again, but the other factors are more rigid. If the shipowner did his sums again today, he would almost certainly get a different answer. But his broad problem would remain. The speed at which his fleet would vanish might be faster, or it might be slower than he estimated it would be in 1950. But so long as inflation continues and so long as taxation remains at present levels, the vanishing trick would take place, sooner or later, just the same.

You can do this sort of sum relatively easily when the assets concerned are ships. Ships are self-contained things. They have a fairly clearly defined term of economic life. It is far more difficult to do a similar exercise when you are dealing with factories and the plant and machinery they contain. For you can patch and renovate factories, and modernise plant and equipment, in a way that is impossible with ships. Yet there seems no reason to doubt that if you *could* do the same sort of sum for factories and plant and machinery, you would often get the same sort of answer. Many business men and economists today are certain, in fact, that as a nation we are running down our physical wealth, our factories and plant and equipment, just as the shipowner is running down his fleet.

The trouble is made worse because we insist in this country on taxing as profit something that really is not profit at all; something that is capital dressed up as profit. Ships and the like are what the economists call fixed capital assets. But there is another type of asset, the working capital asset, which is subject to even harsher treatment in times of inflation and high taxation than fixed assets. I came across a homely example of the sort of thing I have in mind the other day. You will remember that in the last Budget the Chancellor of the Exchequer increased the petrol duty, with the result that the cost of petrol went up from 3s. 7½d. to 4s. 3d. a gallon. Shortly afterwards, my car ran dry, just as I had got it out of the garage. It was late at night and the nearest filling station was miles away. But my daughter's boy-friend is a far-sighted young man. He had filled up a four-gallon jerrican before the Budget, in anticipation of a price increase. He quickly produced the jerrican and the situation was saved. Then came the question of payment. John's first impulse was interesting, because it illustrates a very common attitude to this sort of situation. He insisted that I should pay him only what the petrol had cost him, 14s. 6d. But I had to point out that when John came to replace the petrol, he would have to pay out 17s. to do so. Some people would maintain that John had made a profit of 2s. 6d. on the deal. He had bought something for 14s. 6d. and sold it for 17s. But as John himself runs a car, and is thus 'in the motoring business', as it were, he had made no profit. In fact, had I paid him only 14s. 6d., he would have been the loser when he came to replace the petrol. Equally, if he had had to pay income tax, profits tax, and possibly excess profits levy, on the apparent profit he had made, he would not have been able to maintain his real position; in place of his original four gallons of petrol, he could only have bought perhaps three and a half gallons.

These are precisely the problems every industrialist is up against in a period of inflation and high taxation. Depreciation allowances based on what is called 'historic cost' are obviously inadequate if the replacement cost is going to increase substantially by the time the asset has to be replaced. The profits the assets earn are to a very large extent not profits at all; they are analogous to John's so-called 'profit' on the petrol deal. It is true that if the general price level subsequently falls and stock losses are incurred, such losses are allowed as a charge for tax purposes. But in such conditions, a business will often make a loss anyway. Business thus tends, under our present system, to lose capital both on the swings and on the roundabouts. The shipowner summed it all up in a form which anyone can understand: from twenty-five ships in 1950 to eight or nine ships in 1970.

The White Paper on National Income and Expenditure for 1951 put the matter in an overall, national context. Inflation was rather extreme last year, but you can often illustrate general principles best by taking extreme cases. In 1951, company profits, as a whole, apparently rose by £500,000,000, a rise which caused a great deal of trouble politically. In fact, all of this £500,000,000 increase, and possibly as much besides, represented stock appreciation—the equivalent for industry of John's 'profit' on his petrol. The truth is that real profits probably fell by £500,000,000 last year; that there were no true undistributed profits available for capital formation; that there was a deficiency, instead; and that there was a shortfall of real savings in the private sector of the economy of the order of £500,000,000.

No one would pretend that there is anything very new in all this. Nearly all industrialists, accountants, and economists know that this depletion of British industrial capital has been going on—although you will find people who dispute what I am saying. Most politicians are also aware of these facts of economic life. Why, then, is nothing being done about the problem? You may think it is because the question is not very serious. Believe me, it could not be more serious; I was not overstating things when I said that this was the outstanding economic problem of our day. For capital formation—the act of saving, of going without, in order that capital assets can be maintained and built up—is absolutely essential if an industrial nation is to maintain its position in a competitive world. It does not really matter, fundamentally, whether the nation is officially or nominally a capitalist nation, like the United States or Britain, or whether it is a communist country such as Russia. Capitalist or communist, capital formation is absolutely vital to its existence as an industrial power.

We have had capital formation in this country since the war. We have formed a good deal of social capital—the new towns and houses, the new schools and hospitals, and so on. We have had a lot of capital formation in the nationalised industries, and in certain new industries, such as oil refining and petro-chemicals. Nevertheless, in other directions, economists are pretty sure that over the past year or two we have been running down our capital, instead of maintaining or increasing it. And if they are right—and I think they are—we are only piling up trouble for ourselves. Other industrial nations which have been increasing their industrial capital will sooner or later reap the benefits of their investment in cheaper and more efficient production, which will enable their manufacturers to beat ours in the export markets of the world. If that happens, we shall not have escaped the process of going without which capital formation involves; we shall have only postponed it. For we can sustain a population of 50,000,000 people on these islands only by exporting enough to pay for part of our food and virtually all our raw materials. If we lose our export markets, we shall certainly have to go without, and it will be virtually impossible for us to form capital; we shall then be in the toils of a vicious downward spiral which it will be difficult, if not impossible, to break.

How to Put Things Right?

Why, then, is nothing done about it? There are several answers to that question, I think. First, although there is a wide area of agreement about the damage that is being done, there is by no means general agreement about the way things should be put right. The accountants, in particular, see many technical objections to changes in their practice. Broadly speaking, they argue that once an accountant gets away from the conception of historic cost, he has lost his sheet-anchor, and that in any case the real troubles are inflation and unduly high taxation. Put these things right, say the accountants, and the problem disappears. To many people, notably the economists and the industrialists, that seems a wrong and unrealistic attitude. But when the experts fall out, the chances of tackling the problem are greatly reduced.

The second reason why nothing is done, is simply that capital can be formed only in two ways—by abstention from immediate consumption, or by greater production, the increased production being ploughed back into the economy and not consumed. Either way, a reduction in the immediate standard of living is involved, for increased production must mean some degree of harder work. No one likes reducing their standard of living, particularly a nation which until fairly recently enjoyed the highest standard in the world, thanks, ironically enough, to the capital formation their grandfathers achieved, and particularly a nation which has in any case already suffered some reduction in its standards. Certainly very few politicians, of whatever party, care to advocate a lower standard of life so that we may form capital. And this

(continued on page 147)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Reading and Writing

LITERATURE has been defined in many ways but there is a strong body of opinion which holds that its primary purpose is to give pleasure. Perhaps Augustine Birrell summed up this view as well as anybody when he wrote that 'Literature exists to please—to lighten the burden of men's lives; to make them for a short while forget their sorrows and their sins, their silenced hearths, their disappointed hopes, their grim futures—and those men of letters are best loved who have best performed literature's truest office'. Discussing the definition of literature in his recently published inaugural address*, the Marshal Foch Professor of French Literature, Professor Jean Seznec, reaches much the same conclusion. He refers to the contradiction that exists today between two schools of thought: one school, represented for example by Charles Du Bos, while not detaching literature from life yet seeing literature as an 'Empyrean, that heaven of fixed stars to which, when accomplished, the work accedes, never to come down again'; the other school, represented for example by Jean-Paul Sartre, having no use for celestial conceptions of literature, and holding that the truly great writers are those who share in the anxieties, the passions, and the struggles of their age. So to Du Bos literature should be a delight and a consolation, while to Sartre it should be an irritant: 'one must write to change the world'. The discussion is not new, but the temper of our times gives it a disturbing relevance. In suggesting his own definition Professor Seznec quotes the tribute once paid to W. P. Ker: 'He was always aware that the end of scholarship is understanding, and that the end of understanding is enjoyment', and concludes that to study the order and beauty of a work of literature is to deepen and illuminate the enjoyment it affords and at the same time to revive the drama—the stresses and exertions—the creative artist has himself experienced.

A somewhat different approach to the study and teaching of literature appears in another recently published lecture, *Literary Interpretation in Germany*† by W. H. Bruford, Schröder Professor of German at Cambridge. The author speaks of the 'Formalist' movement which attacked the biographical, sociological and philosophical methods of studying literature in vogue a generation ago on the ground that such methods neglected the specifically literary element in literature, the handling of words. 'It is most important to remember', says Professor Bruford, 'that the background studies rejected by the Formalists and their following may have high value in themselves and as a preparation for life, even when they are not essential for the purely aesthetic appreciation of literature'. He goes on to point out that while in a German university a student can and usually does to some extent correct the over-specialisation enforced in his main subject by attending, at some stage, a wide range of lectures in other departments, the tighter curriculum here offers less scope for this kind of *Lernfreiheit*. (So much the worse for the tight curriculum and the students bound to its wheel.)

Yet, when all is said, the questions considered in these two lectures—what literature is or should be, and how it can best be studied and taught—remain very much open for discussion. What one can say with certainty is that the day will be a sad one, if ever it comes, when the creative urge in man no longer finds an outlet in his putting pen to paper freely—and preferably in such a way that his fellow creatures can increase their own awareness of life by reading and understanding what he writes; and that while life can never be learnt from books, the pleasure that can be extracted from them is not, or need not be, a superficial pleasure. It is one that can and often does strike deep.

* On Two Definitions of Literature. Oxford, 2s. † Cambridge, 2s. 6d.

What They Are Saying

Broadcast comments on the Dean of Canterbury

THE PUBLICITY which the Dean of Canterbury's latest activities have aroused was the subject of many broadcasts from Moscow, Peking, and the satellite radios. The parliamentary debate on the Dean's position was speedily reported by Moscow transmissions, which, quoting a *Tass* dispatch from London, stated:

Reactionary circles in Britain continue to persecute the Dean of Canterbury for his exposure of the use of germ weapons by the Americans in Korea. Seized with fury, British reactionaries are going as far as to demand his removal from his post in the Church . . . American ruling circles are endeavouring to exert pressure in order that action can be taken against Hewlett Johnson. However, the proofs that the Americans have used bacteriological weapons, which Hewlett Johnson brought back from China, are so convincing and irrefutable that the British authorities have evidently thought it impossible to subject them to official examination without running the risk of dealing a blow at their transatlantic allies.

Pravda was quoted for the following observations:

A movement has been started against Hewlett Johnson on similar lines to that initiated against Mrs. Monica Felton, who was to have been put behind lock and key and almost to have been condemned to death because of her truthful account of happenings in Korea.

According to a Chinese commentary on the Dean's activities:

When British people come forward to speak on the basis of actual evidence of germ warfare, the British ruling clique is thrown into utter consternation and uneasiness.

This 'clique', continued the transmission, had instructed the reactionary press to 'go for Dr. Johnson tooth and nail'; and the Sunday papers had dared even to quote one of the Ten Commandments—'Thou shalt not bear false witness'—to slander the Dean's 'courageous and just actions'. These attacks, it was quite obvious, had been carried out on orders from Washington. Prague radio alleged that the British Government dared not take any legal action against the Dean, since it realised that the evidence of germ warfare was 'irrefutable'.

Turning to the other side of the picture, the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted from the U.S.A. as sympathising with the British people who were angry about the Dean's latest activities, but it went on:

Certainly, Mr. Churchill's reasons for rejecting a special tribunal to investigate the Dean have great weight. Apart from the delicate questions involved in invoking secular discipline for a churchman, it is true that, as Mr. Churchill put it, 'free speech carries with it the evil of all the foolish, unpleasant, venomous things that are said' and that 'on the whole, we would rather lump them than do away with them'.

The American paper also considered that the Dean's defence of Communist germ warfare charges was so far-fetched that it did the Communist cause far more harm than good.

Broadcasts from Peking continued to express bitter indignation at the bombing of Yalu and Pyongyang, which, they said, demonstrated America's intention of wrecking the truce talks. *The New York Times*, after pointing out that during the truce negotiations the Communists have been building up their forces on a large scale, was quoted as follows:

There is only one logical military answer in this situation. It is to deprive the enemy of this advantage. There is only one available weapon for doing this tactical job, air power. Hence the heavy raids. They are in no sense an attempt to 'disrupt negotiations'. They are rather a reply to the use of negotiations as a military tactic. We would be even more short-sighted than the Communists obviously think we are if we did not make this reply. If the attacks help to convince the Communists that their 'negotiations' manoeuvre has failed they may even help to speed a truce.

Air power featured in another context also last week—namely in broadcasts on Soviet Air Force Day from Russia, 'the birthplace of aviation'. After saying that the first aircraft had been built by Mozhaisky in 1882, this Moscow transmission went on:

There is no aircraft or motor which has passed through the drawing offices, which in the first and subsequent stages of design has not been subjected to examination and criticism by Comrade Stalin.

A Moscow broadcast said of the Olympic Games:

Ordinary people in all corners of the world see in our sportsmen participating in the Olympic Games representatives of the great Soviet people, which marches in the vanguard of the mighty peace movement against the instigators of a new war.

Did You Hear That?

INTER-PLANETARY TRAVEL

DR. J. G. PORTER explained that space-ships are now not just pipe dreams, when he discussed exploring by proxy 'Up Among the Stars' in the Light Programme. 'To many people', he said, 'the idea of exploring space conjures up a picture of a race of super-men dashing about between the planets in space-ships. Space, as the astronomer thinks of the word, begins where our atmosphere ends, and that is quite a considerable distance above the earth's surface, some 500 to 600 miles.

'Now we cannot send aircraft or even balloons up to these heights; there is not the air for them to fly in. But there is one form of projectile that can be used, and that is the rocket. Unlike aircraft or balloon, the rocket does not depend on air pressure to keep it aloft; the backward rush of gases from its jets pushes it forward, whether there is air or not. A rocket, in other words, is quite capable of travelling through empty space, and the idea has been so far developed that detailed schemes are now ready for building manned rockets as a first step to making trips to the moon and the planets. Let me make it clear that these are not unpractical: a German V2 rocket reached a height of 109 miles in 1944, and in 1949 an American rocket was sent up to 250 miles. This rocket, a W.A.C. Corporal, was mounted on the nose of a V2; the V2 fell back to earth when it had reached the limit of its travel, but the smaller rocket went on, taking photographs and making scientific measurements, and reaching a height of 250 miles before all its power was exhausted.

'This is just a beginning; there is nothing but lack of money to stop us building larger rockets that will travel fast enough to escape from the pull of the earth. Free from this pull a rocket will not travel in a straight line; it will become a satellite, and move in a curved path round the earth. Von Braun, who developed the V2, said quite recently: "In my opinion, within the next ten to fifteen years we shall see huge cargo- and man-carrying rockets speeding into the alien vacuum of space to establish a man-made satellite or 'space-station'. Even at this early date engineers can spell out in cut-and-dried figures the design and technical specifications of both rocket ship and space-station. Even the cost and the time to develop such a programme has been worked out—£1,428,000,000 over a period of ten years".

'The space-station, speeding round the earth, will act as a spring-board from which to travel to the moon and planets in large space-ships. The space-ship will travel through space like a planet, and with the speed of a planet, 100,000 miles an hour or more. At this rate it will take several months to reach Mars'.

THE RED HATS OF RAPA-NUI

In the Home Service SIR HARRY LUKE talked about Easter Island, lying 2,300 miles due west of Chile and about the same distance from Tahiti, with its people the easternmost of all Polynesians, who call their island Rapa-nui (Big Rapa). He said: 'It is, of course, not just because Easter Island lies off the beaten track and has been seen by few that it has so greatly captured the popular imagination. It is because the "departed builders" on this speck of land in mid-ocean created works of art of great originality, and, what is even more amazing considering their size and weight, moved them to every part of the island.

'The statues are known in the native tongue as *moais*; there are some 600 of them in the island, finished and unfinished, and most of the finished ones used to stand with their backs to the sea on the platforms of the family burial-places. The burial-places are called *ahus*, and there are 244 *ahus* around the island, generally close to the shore. The *moais* surmounting these burial-places have been overthrown, without a single exception, in inter-tribal fights; the only ones still standing

are those by the volcano, Rana Roraka, where they were quarried.

'They are half-length figures, often with the arms and hands only vaguely suggested, and sometimes not seen at all where they have been partly buried by falling earth. They are archaic in feature, the brows low, the heads narrow, but the jaws large and square. The lobes of the ears are generally distended; the noses are long, outward-curving and tip-tilted: the thin lips pursed in a scornful, supercilious sneer. In



Monuments on Easter Island: this painting by William Hodges, in the National Maritime Museum, shows four of the statues with their colossal, cylindrical 'top-hats'. Left: a close view of one of the half-length figures excavated on the island

height they range roughly from fifteen to thirty-three feet and the weight of even the smallest runs to several tons. It was no mean feat for a primitive people, in an island which then had scarcely any timber, to move these giants over rough country, often for distances of ten miles, and then set them up on their stone platforms.

'As if this were not enough, they must needs furnish the statues on the burial-places with hats quarried in quite another part of the island, in a quarry of red stone intended to provide an artistic contrast in colour with the grey turf of

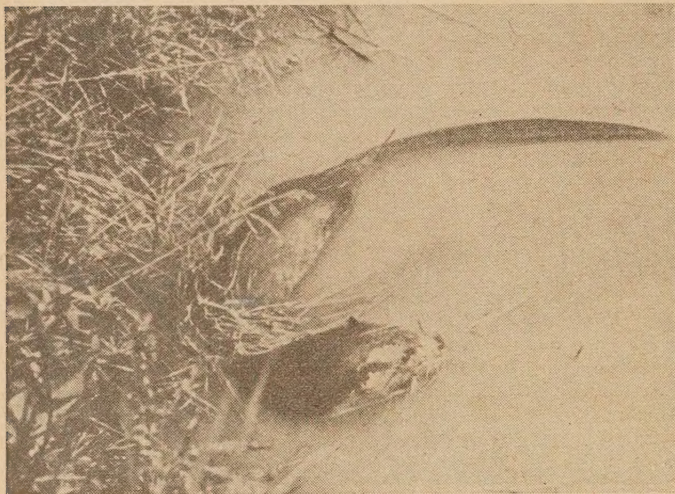
Rana Roraka. A red hat would suggest to most people the ceremonial head-covering of a cardinal, which is flat and low. There is nothing low about the red hats of Rapa-nui: they are solid cylinders of rock from four to six feet in height and from five to nine feet in diameter.

'I happened to be staying with friends in Peru when the *Kon-Tiki* was receiving her finishing touches in the dockyard of Callao, the port of Lima. In fact, I am "the ex-Governor of the British Colonies in the Pacific" referred to in chapter three of Thor Heyerdahl's book as having been among those present on April 27, 1947, at the launching of this most famous of rafts. I was therefore anxious, without necessarily subscribing to Heyerdahl's beliefs as to the origin of the Polynesian race, to see if anything in the Easter Island culture supported his theory that the Polynesians entered the Pacific from South America instead of, as is generally held, from Asia. One type of structure alone seemed to me to show an affinity with the Incaic work of the High Andes, but that affinity is certainly a striking one. I refer to the masonry on the platforms of certain of the *ahus*, one at the locality Vinapú, two others close by. On how the similarity is to be explained I am not prepared to dogmatise; Father Englert, the local priest, has a suggestion, based on local tradition, that there was once not indeed a continent but an archipelago, called Hiva, between French Oceania and the coast of

South America, most of which is believed to have been sunk in the course of submarine commotions. Through this archipelago he suggests that Easter Islanders could have maintained contact with South American peoples.

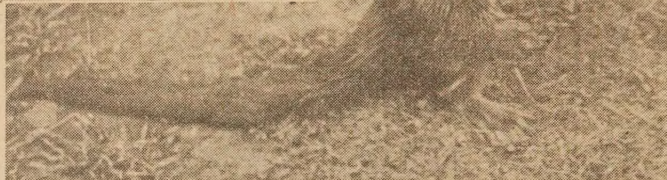
'Perhaps the early Polynesians, those supreme island-hoppers, brought their eastward drive to its logical conclusion by reaching the mainland; conversely, an occasional Peruvian raft may have anticipated the *Kon-Tiki*, by accident or design. Something seems necessary to explain such things as similarity in stone-work and the fact that the words *kumara*, sweet potato, a staple foodstuff, and *toki*, adze, an essential tool, are common to Andine Indians and to Polynesians. On one point, however, it is possible to speak with more assurance: the great stone statues of Easter Island are the work of the Polynesian ancestors of the present islanders.

'It is sad that we cannot still see the statues with their colossal red



Although the otter is a land mammal belonging to the same family as the badger and the weasel, in the water it has speed, agility, and perfect control. Its slender, streamlined body and powerful, tapering tail, so well adapted for swimming, are illustrated in these two photographs

Oliver Pike



top-hats on their heads, but fortunately we have a pictorial record of how they looked in position. William Hodges, the artist and subsequent R.A., who accompanied Captain Cook on his second voyage, has left us a painting, now in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, which shows a row of four of them on their *ahu* with the crater of Rana Roraka in the background'.

WATCHING OTTERS

Otters are such great wanderers that they are not easy to keep under observation. In a Home Service talk MICHAEL BLACKMORE described watching some of them recently on the edge of a well-known river. 'At sunset', he said, 'I went down to explore the river on my own. I had not been there for more than half-an-hour or so when I heard the clear, flute-like whistle in the distance. That was it all right, the unmistakable and (to me) thrilling sound of an otter calling to his mate. Instinctively I crouched low down in some reeds, and after a minute or two I caught sight of a fine dog otter drifting silently downstream towards me, making scarcely a ripple in the water. Only his brown, bullet-shaped head and the extreme tip of his tail showed above the surface; indeed, he looked more like a dead log than a live animal as he floated quite motionless, letting the current carry him down.'

'By a stroke of luck the smaller female or bitch otter suddenly slipped out from a nearby hole under an old tree-stump on the bank and joined her mate. And then the two of them started to play, rolling on their backs and turning somersaults in the water, then diving under each other several times. You might have expected it all to be a rather noisy business with plenty of splashing about, but they made surprisingly little sound in spite of the speed with which they moved.'

'If you have ever watched otters at play you are not likely to forget

it in a hurry, for it is one of the most delightful sights in all wild life. Certainly no animal is more graceful in the water; its slender streamlined body, slightly webbed feet and powerful tapering tail are marvelously adapted for swimming. Speed, agility, and perfect control of movement: the otter has them all. And it can easily overtake a fast-moving fish. And, by the way, it usually catches hold of a fish from behind and underneath, where the victim cannot see it.

'Although we think of the otter mainly as a water creature, it is really a land mammal belonging to the same family as the badger and the weasel. In the process of evolution, it has gradually managed to adapt itself to a semi-aquatic existence. But the instinctive fear that every land animal has of water still survives after all this time. You can see it in the young otter, for when it enters the river for the first time it has to be coaxed by its mother and taught how to swim. It learns pretty quickly, but the fact remains that it does not take to the

water enthusiastically until it has gained confidence, which is not inborn, but has to be acquired. But to go back to this matter of play for a moment. I think it is true to say that the otter plays more than any other mammal, even when it is fully grown. And where there happens to be a nice, steep slope at the edge of a river you will often see it tobogganing down it, just like a child does on a playground slide.

'Although the otter is not uncommon on several of our lakes and rivers, it is a very shy animal, and many people who live near its haunts never see it at all, unless they are prepared to watch very quietly and patiently at dusk when it comes out to hunt for food. During most of the day the otters lie up in a convenient hole under a hollow tree or in an old drain, or perhaps in a thick reed-bed. This sleeping place is called a "holt" and, since the otter is a wandering animal, seldom keeping to one spot for long except when it has got young, it usually has several holts in different places. This wandering

habit often leads the otter away from water altogether, and sometimes you will find him living for a while entirely on land, feeding on rabbits and other small animals.

'Otters will also follow a river down to the coast and spend a few weeks in the estuary, living on sea-fish, crabs, mussels and the like. I have seen them at times in the open sea close to the shore, and in parts of west and north-west Scotland there are otters that probably never go near fresh water at all'.

SEAWEED FOR BREAKFAST

JOHNNY MORRIS, travelling along the coast from Ilfracombe to Hartland, arrived at Barnstaple, and in one of his talks, 'In Sight of the Sea', in the Home Service (West of England) described a shop there, in Butcher's Row.

'It has in its window a large bowl of slimy black stuff and if you ask the lady who owns the shop what it is for she will tell you "Oh, it's to grease yer boots with".'

'Now this is not really true, and she only says so because you are the umpteenth person who has asked her the same question that day. As a matter of fact, it is boiled seaweed and it is to eat. It is called laver, and in Wales, where they also make this mucky stuff, they call it laverbread. "What sort of seaweed is it, Mrs. Lavery?" "Well, you know when you make a play and have Neptune in it, you give him green wavy hair?" "Yes". "Tis that sort of seaweed".'

'I bought a large tin of laver and took it on the bus with me to Westward Ho! And the next morning I fried it with a rasher of bacon. It is interesting stuff. I like it. It has a mild, rather intriguing, spinach-like flavour'.

Partnership in Africa—III

Exploitation or Development?

By COLIN WELCH

IN the interesting talk which preceded my own in this series, Professor Arthur Lewis expressed some very positive opinions about the partnership idea, which he totally rejects. To Professor Lewis, the transition from trusteeship to partnership in British Africa smacks of fraud, and he professes to regard it as a manoeuvre designed to retard the development of the African and make European supremacy permanent.

The only point at which I find myself in anything like agreement with Professor Lewis is in our common distrust of the idea of partnership, but it seems to me that his reasons for rejecting it are based on a total misconception of the facts of history. He appears to have an enviably firm grasp of the wrong end of the stick. For, whatever we call the state of affairs that has existed in most parts of Africa for the past hundred years or so, trusteeship, colonialism, white supremacy or what you will, the reality is much the same, and to me it is plain that this new partnership idea represents for the African a step forward, not backward. I would say that partnership is in fact a concession of a type which could only be granted by a ruling class or group which is already on the defensive.

What a Transfer of Power Would Mean

Moreover, if the partnership idea is designed, as Professor Lewis suggests, to perpetuate the substance of white supremacy, I consider it dangerously ill-adapted for that purpose. Its advocates paint an idyllic picture of the two races, black and white, working harmoniously together in mutual trust and agreement with equal opportunity and fair shares for all. Yet such a state of affairs would be essentially evanescent—as fleeting as the moment at which both ends of a seesaw are poised equidistant from the ground. For, with the first concessions, a development will have been set in train which, in the absence of some arbitrary act on the part of the white settlers, can only end in the transfer of power to the numerically superior Africans. And, once the Africans become conscious of their power, it seems to me that there is every indication that they will use it to expropriate and expel every European within reach. Since I cannot join Professor Lewis in his implied contempt for all that Europeans have contributed to Africa's stability and prosperity, I must regard this as a disaster.

All this sounds, I know, very uncompromising in the light of what we are accustomed to hear—in this country, at any rate. But I am personally convinced that those who imagine that the African will use his power more liberally than—for instance—we have done in Africa in the past, are the victims of a terrible delusion. In the context of Africa today, I would agree with Lord Hailey's judgment that the partnership idea is not static but dynamic; and as such it seems to me to symbolise a tragic contradiction in our ideas of world order. The Romans, with their strong political sense, were able to make of stability itself an ideal, and offered their subject races little but internal peace and strong government. We, on the other hand, though our need for stability is not less than was Rome's, can offer nothing but ceaseless progress: a progress which cannot but finally endanger the very stability it was designed to secure.

This is as true in the economic field as it is in the political, and it is primarily with the economic aspect that I wish to deal now. In its day, the spontaneous movement of private capital from the industrial countries formed a monetary irrigation system which fertilised great tracts of barren land in half the countries of the world. To the African, the Indian, and the Arab, as to us, this process brought wealth they had never known before. But, except materially, it was not all pure gain; it also brought new tensions, and social change which was often far too rapid for the equilibrium of primitive societies. Thus, when the torrent of private capital dwindled away, dammed by currency restrictions and evaporated by wars and welfare economics, one might have thought that there was a strong case for leaving well alone. Notwithstanding, a new school of thought has arisen which maintains that the governments of the industrial powers should take up the struggle where the private investor left off: in other words, that the momentum

of economic progress should be artificially maintained, even now that conditions are against it.

This argument has already borne such varied fruits as our own colonial development and welfare schemes, the Overseas Food and Colonial Development Corporations, the Colombo Plan, and the Truman Point Four Programme. Among the most prominent fuglemen of this new school of thought are most of those who in former days were loudest in their denunciation of the exploitation of colonial territories. Yet it is fair to say that these people have—or think they have—a different type of exploitation in mind. Even the word they use for it—'development'—is new. The main difference between what they condemn as exploitation and what they praise as development lies in the hope, or intention, that development should be more humane and public-spirited in its dealings with the inhabitants of backward areas than exploitation was. The point is put thus in *One Way Only*:*

Most of the backward areas need education and medicine, irrigation, bridges and roads much more urgently than mineral development; if the mineral development goes ahead, without any prior or comparable attempt to raise living standards—as it has done in so many cases of the old-style colonial exploitation by private investment—then there will merely be a new imperialism which will provoke the same as the old.

But the distinction thus made is almost entirely specious. Exploitation cannot be carried out without much expenditure on such amenities as medicine, education, irrigation, bridges, and roads. Even if we assume the old-style exploiter to have been governed solely by self-interest (which few were) he could not ignore the facts that good health and the ability to read and write made for efficiency, and that his product could not be marketed without adequate transport facilities. One might almost go so far as to say that wherever in the backward areas in the past the cloud of ignorance, disease and want has been slightly dispersed (as in the Northern Rhodesian mining districts at Broken Hill, for example, or at Abadan), one usually has not far to look for evidence of enlightened private enterprise at work. Welfare and mineral development are not mutually antagonistic, as Mr. Bevan and his friends imply, but complementary, as the foundations are to a house.

In brief, the main arguments put forward by the developers are threefold: charitable, economic, and political. The appeal to charity is the simplest. It is enough to paint a picture of two worlds—one rich beyond the dreams of avarice, the other poor, diseased, and ignorant; and then to pose the simple question 'Why?' The economic argument is only slightly more complex. The actual poverty of the backward areas is here stressed less than their potential wealth. In the developers' imagination these areas become a veritable El Dorado; all they need is a little capital to oil the wheels, and they will pour forth a cornucopia of fats, edible and otherwise, meat, cereals, raw materials for textile and heavy industries, and so on. If neither of these gambits meets with great success, political threats follow. The extreme poverty in which the other half lives, we are told, is Communism's most fertile breeding ground; if we are to check its advance, we must by practical gestures show that democracy has more to offer, in the material sense, than Communism.

A Complex Problem

The first of these arguments, the charitable one, seems the least realistic at first glance; yet I think it is the most viable. The picture of two worlds is not, in its essentials, overdrawn, and the contrast it presents is not a comforting one. Yet, in attempting to show how far the other two arguments are based on fallacies, I cannot help indicating that in my opinion the task of helping the backward areas is much more complex than seems to be generally supposed. The first stumbling block in the path of the developers is the fact that capital is not the only thing, or indeed the most important thing, that most backward countries lack. The widespread delusion that it is has its origin, I believe, in over-frequent use of the word 'underdeveloped': a word which must imply (unless quite meaningless) that there is some universal

standard (that of western Europe, for example) by which we should measure all economic development; and that any region which falls below this standard does so only because of some historical mischance which it is within our immediate power to remedy.

This is not true. Most 'backward' countries, as I prefer to call them—I mean independent, not colonial countries—lack not only capital; they also lack efficient, honest, and stable government, an impartial judiciary, and an experienced and incorruptible civil service. They may lack natural resources, or a tolerable climate. Perhaps as a cause, perhaps as a consequence, of generations of ill health and ignorance, their inhabitants are often averse to saving and investment, and sometimes to work itself. Their ignorance of economic processes is often profound: we have many things to learn from the east, but how to keep a double-entry account is not among them. It would be quite wrong to suppose that all developers are unaware of these factors. But they tend to look upon them, not as conditions inevitably limiting the usefulness of capital investment (which is what they are), but as slight inconveniences to be brushed aside, or as blemishes which capital investment itself, with a little good advice, will do much to remove.

Colonial Dependencies

I am bound to admit that these objections do not apply with the same force to colonial dependencies, which on the whole enjoy reasonably strong and efficient government. But even here, where at least administrative conditions are favourable, the basic contradiction which lies at the root of all public enterprise seems to be of itself sufficient to ensure disaster. This contradiction, as I see it, springs from the fact that no one has clearly decided who is supposed to reap the benefit of development: is it the developer as investor, the developer as consumer, or the person who is being developed? This dilemma is usually resolved by an uneasy compromise, which is designed to benefit all three and ends by benefiting none.

The private investor was faced by no such dilemma. He produced his goods as cheaply as possible, paying such wages as he had to, and marketed them at world prices; his books were the measures of success or failure. But in the public field, as Professor von Mises and others have pointed out, the books provide no such final answer. If prices are too low and wages too high by private standards, excellent social and political reasons will always be forthcoming as to why they should so remain. Once the so-called tyranny of the profit-and-loss account has been thus abolished, efficiency can only be pursued by military rather than economic means: that is to say, by insistence on the achievement of fixed objectives regardless of loss, and by enforcing unhesitating obedience to bureaucratic direction. The failure of these methods in the economic sphere is signalled in the sad story of the Overseas Food Corporation and the Colonial Development Corporation. It is worth emphasising, too, that decentralisation, of which we hear so much, is no remedy and may in fact make matters worse. Slackening of control at the centre only shifts the dilemma on to the shoulders of subordinates; it cannot resolve it.

But even if the economic results of the rapid development of backward areas were pure gain for all concerned, there are other consequences—social and political—which deserve to be taken into account. The prevalent misunderstanding of these consequences rests, I believe, on two false premises, the first of which is that poverty in itself breeds unrest. It is natural for westerners (who tend to measure contentment in pounds, shillings, and pence) to assume that poor people are always discontented. They see the Egyptian fellaheen, diseased and undernourished, scratching away at a piece of worn-out land little bigger than a pocket handkerchief; or the nomadic cultivators of East Africa shifting wretchedly from one dust-patch to the next; and they think they see embittered men, with a strong grudge against society. They are often wrong. Poverty is in itself an inert force, requiring some external stimulus—such as education, land-reform, and so forth—to render it explosive. So long as the even rhythm of his life is not disturbed, the peasant cultivator bears no more grudge against the society which condemns him to poverty than he bears against the seasons, or against life itself. Not only does he regard poverty as normal, but he is deeply conservative, even where his own betterment is proposed. He clings to old beliefs and methods, and is deeply suspicious of experts. Nothing, for instance, within recent times has caused so much resentment in the Gold Coast as the Government's well-meaning efforts to cut out cocoa trees infected with swollen-shoot disease.

Thus, even though the peasant is normally the poorest person in any country, as the raw material for revolution he could hardly be less

satisfactory, as the Communists have always recognised. His conduct in the Russian Revolution was, I think, typical. Not only did he take little part in the overthrow of the old order, but it was hard to convince him that it had in fact been overthrown; and it was not till he had been convinced, that, cautiously and in some bewilderment, he began to parcel out his master's land. In so far as explosive force was required to break into the vacuum left by the collapse of the Tsarist regime, it was not supplied by the down-trodden peasant, but by the factory-workers of St. Petersburg, by the railwaymen and mutinous servicemen.

This leads us naturally to the second false premise, which is that economic progress in backward areas brings social stability. In Russia again, for instance, quite the reverse was the case. By 1914 she was semi-industrialised. Foreign capital was pouring in—much of it from Russia's ally France, much of it diverted from more immediately profitable uses by political considerations. Wages and living standards—particularly in the towns—rose proportionately, and there is good reason to suppose that they were higher in 1914 than they are now. Yet unrest, if it did not actually increase, grew steadily more dangerous as more and more workers were concentrated in the towns and thus exposed to the tumult of revolutionary agitation. In truth, the growth of an urban proletariat (or, for that matter, of a paid agricultural labour force at the expense of the peasant proprietor) always provides a testing time for any society; if it is to be weathered without disaster, it demands exceptional strength and adaptability on the part of the governing classes. How far the governing classes in most backward territories possess these qualities is matter for argument; but, in so far as they do not, economic progress is bound to bring disorder and perhaps revolution in its train.

Furthermore, and partly for this reason, economic development must necessarily be viewed with great suspicion by conservative elements in the backward countries. Those who have a vested interest in the continuance of the old order are not going to stand idly by while their influence and authority wither away. In so far as economic development can be turned to their own ends, they will not oppose it; for the rest they are bound to use it as a scapegoat for their own shortcomings. Where economic development is carried on by foreigners, the temptation to raise the hue and cry against them will prove irresistible; a militant xenophobia has always been the most reliable crutch by which corrupt oligarchies support themselves in power. But even where foreigners are not physically present, will gratitude be the only sentiment expressed? In politics, regrettably, gift-horses are always looked in the mouth: and if the gift was made without conditions, conditions are invented. Soon the chorus arises, swelled by the Communists: 'We have sold our independence: we are bound to western imperialism by chains of gold'.

The Communist Missionary

Thus, for all these reasons, if there is a real choice between rearmament and the economic development of backward areas (as Mr. Bevan and others maintain, and, as I think, rightly), I would choose rearmament without hesitation. In conclusion, I would like to remind those who think otherwise of one factor of supreme importance. Those who advocate that the backward areas should be tied to us by material bribes forget, I think, the nature of our main opponent. We may promise the backward areas this or that and—subject always to the handicaps I have mentioned—we might perform a part of what we promised. But we can never outbid the Communist missionary. He is not hampered, as we are, by a vague sense of what is possible. Free to paint a picture of heaven on earth, he can promise not only material progress, but peace for the war-weary, war for the peace-weary, power and privilege for the powerless and underprivileged, and equality for all. Communism is all things to all discontented men. Sophisticated people in the west may well sneer at such sad and inconsistent stuff, and, so far as material progress is concerned, disinterested economists may prove that Communism has nothing real to offer. But how can we convince the disaffected intelligentsia of the backward areas of what we can only dimly perceive ourselves? What is believed by faith cannot be refuted by reason—or, for that matter, by bribery.

—Third Programme

The July number of *History Today* (price 2s. 6d.) contains articles on 'Karl Marx and the Philosophy of History' by Lindley Fraser; 'London, 1900-1951' by D. W. Brogan; and 'Lord William Bentinck: Precursor of the Risorgimento' by Elizabeth Wiskemann. Stuart Atherley contributes an essay in historical detection on 'The Battle of Marathon'; and G. H. L. Le May writes on 'Two British Embassies to China, 1793 and 1816'. The magazine is fully illustrated.

Life in Greece Today

By FRANCIS NOEL-BAKER

THREE weeks ago I was sitting in a terraced garden, above a small village of red-tiled, whitewashed houses, and looking out across a wide, fertile valley in the island of Euboea in Greece. The air was still warm after a day of fierce, clear Mediterranean sun, and still filled with the thin humming and buzzing and scratching of a thousand summer insects. But it was already starting to get dark. Pyxaria, the bare, rocky mountain-range in the distance across the valley, had already turned first pink in the setting sun, then deep purple.

I sat there for some minutes, looking at the scene round me, and listening to the gentle, peaceful noises of a Greek summer evening: trying to fix them in my memory. But there was another reason, too, why I looked and listened with such attention. The whole impression of those few, pleasant minutes in the fading twilight—and indeed of the whole day that went before them—was one of intense tranquillity and calm: an impression of a countryside deeply, securely, at peace.

Then, suddenly, I thought back to an earlier visit to that same village: same time of day, same place, but October 1949—just two years and eight months before. A patrol of armed men standing on guard a few yards from where I sat: the village under curfew and packed with soldiers: a thousand destitute refugees cramming every house and building. Fresh crops of rumours, and stories of unspeakable atrocities every day. And out in the mountains across the valley desperate guerrilla bands which, night after night, fought running battles with the troops. Yes, Greece has changed a great deal in the last thirty-two months: changed, almost unbelievably, for the better.

We have been at peace here ever since 1945: for seven years. Greece has been at peace for less than three. The guerrilla troubles—which really started during the German occupation, broke out more openly in December 1944, and flared up again from 1946 till the end of 1949—were a great deal more than mere civil disturbances. They turned into a full-scale modern war—the direct forerunner of the Korean conflict.

Largely caused by massive intervention from Greece's northern neighbours, Russia's satellites in the Balkans, they left Greece with well over 100,000 men, women and children dead, over 1,000,000 homeless or displaced, and more than £130,000,000-worth of physical damage. All this in a country with a total population of only 7,500,000.

But a long-drawn-out struggle of that kind does not leave only material damage. It also inevitably leaves a great legacy of misery and uncertainty and hatred in people's minds. And so the problems



The Greek villager, free once more to cultivate his fields without constant fear of a guerrilla raid: above, ploughing; below, gathering in the olive harvest

Mrs. Nancy Crawshaw

facing the Greeks and their leaders, when peace came at last, were not only practical questions of rebuilding ruined villages, remaking roads and railways, restarting factories and re-equipping farms. There was, too, the far more complex business of reconciliation: and of rebuilding the free, democratic way of life which the Greeks rightly claim their ancestors in ancient Athens first discovered, and of which they are still intensely proud. To them the Trojan war, over 3,000 years ago, or the wars against the Persians in the fifth century B.C. are as important a part of their national history as the 1949 campaign against the communists.

Let me discuss first the question of material recovery from the war: while I remind you, once again, that Greece is still only in her third post-war year—where we were in 1948. And we, thank God, had neither an enemy occupation nor a civil war. I could start by repeating a long list of statistics which show, for example, how by April industrial and agricultural production were both substantially above the pre-war level, how exports have gone up by thirteen per cent. during the last year and the still enormous unfavourable balance of payments reduced, and how, this year, the budget deficit will be down by £20,000,000. But figures like this do not really mean very much to the ordinary Greek. The main things that interest him are whether he is feeling more or less prosperous; whether prices are going up or down; whether the general conditions of his life are better or worse; and—above all—whether or not he is likely to be allowed to go on living in peace.

Perhaps, as an example, I could take a peasant in the village where I myself was living for the past six months. Niko Matsouka, as I



will call him, is—like the great majority of Greek villagers—a small farmer owning his own holding of some ten acres of agricultural land. On it he grows wheat, maize, some beans, and he has a few vines. He also owns a couple of oxen for ploughing, a donkey for carrying smaller loads and to ride himself, a goat for milk, some chickens, and a two-roomed, stone-built house in the village, on to which, this year, he is adding a second storey. He has a wife and four children. The eldest boy, now twenty-two, has already done thirty months' national service with the army on the Bulgarian border and is still uncertain of his release date. The second boy, eighteen, normally works in the local mine, and the two youngest children, eleven and nine, are still at the village school.

Back to Ordinary Working Life

How have Niko Matsouka's circumstances changed since 1949? He does not take long to give his first answer. The war has ended, the guerrillas have gone, the refugees are back in their own villages, and he is free, once again, to live his ordinary working life, to cultivate his fields, graze his oxen in the woods, with no curfew, no military restrictions, and, best of all, without the constant fear of a sudden guerrilla raid. The terror those guerrilla bands inspired among the villagers, he said, especially during the later stages of the troubles, was matched only by the fantastic organised brutality of their behaviour in the villages they raided, and in their efforts to compel reluctant peasants to co-operate or to join their bands. Their atrocities ('something absolutely un-Greek', Niko commented) are still recounted with fear and horror throughout the countryside of Greece: not least here in northern Euboea, where the last band was not finally dispersed till March 1950 when its leader was murdered by one of his own men. But already the memory of the troubles is growing a little dim. Up on the hills you can still find here a trench, there a smoke-blackened cave or a rough stone-built machine-gun post, each with its own story. But, like the traces of other violent days, they are already part of a finished chapter in the long, turbulent history of Greece. Niko and his family lived through it, survived it, and are thankful that it has ended.

But what of their problems now? Life is still far from easy. They are still living, as they did before the war, far too near subsistence level. A drought, or too much rain at the wrong moment, can still mean a crop failure and actual hunger in the coming year. Luckily this year's wheat harvest—which was just ending three weeks ago—was fairly good. There will be bread enough till the summer of 1953. The maize crop, too (what the Americans call sweet corn), looks good; and the vines should provide enough pink, resin-flavoured wine. But Niko still complains that he will be pretty short of money. The local mine where his son usually works an eight-hour day for a wage worth—at the official rate of exchange—about £3 a week, is constantly shutting down for a week or a month at a time because, Niko says, the company which owns it—like himself—is always running short of funds. And so he will only just be able to afford to finish that second storey to his house this year, although it has been waiting ever since before the war.

Prices, too, of the goods that Niko needs to buy—sugar, olive oil to cook with, coffee, clothing and so on—have been rising steadily for many months. The official value of the Greek drachma—which started in 1945 at 500 to the £—is now 42,000. So that today, a 500-drachma bill (a piece of paper about a quarter of the size of a 10s. note) is the lowest piece of money circulating and is worth less than three-pence. But all the signs are that these rising prices—and the runaway inflation which caused them—are now at last being stopped. One man, at least, who is frankly optimistic about the future, is a former resistance leader, now the Minister of Co-ordination, Mr. George Cartalis. When I saw him in his Athens office a few days ago, he told me that he is confident that his tough measures *will* have results, and will begin to get prices down to a level where Greeks can start to export more competitively to foreign markets. But meanwhile Greece is still using American aid at \$182,000,000 a year: though it is fair to add that about half of this aid is earmarked for defence costs designed to make Greece an effective partner in N.A.T.O. And that, incidentally, is why Niko's eldest son may very likely have to do a good many more months' national service in the army.

At the end of our talk, Niko Matsouka summed up the outlook by saying: 'Three years ago we still weren't even certain that the fighting was really ending, that we mightn't have the communists back in the village after all. So life was at a standstill. Each year since

then, things *have* been improving. The village is getting back to normal, and we can think about the future. We're still poor people and life is still very hard. But we don't ask a lot. So long as we have peace, with God's help everything will gradually come right'. If Greece does have peace, for the next ten, fifteen or twenty years, then I, too, can see no reason why, at the end of that time, she should not in fact become a prosperous and happy country. It is true that at the moment she faces enormous economic problems, quite apart from her big defence expenditure. She has lost many of her traditional markets for her main exports: tobacco, dried fruits, and wine. She is still under-industrialised. Her farm land is poor, much of the rest is rocky, barren mountain. At the same time her population has recovered from war losses and is beginning to increase fast: fast enough for some experts to say that more emigration is the only answer.

But, on the other side of the picture, the Greeks do have great assets. A big merchant fleet, today one of the largest in the world; powerful trading communities in many countries; and, above all, an immense natural optimism and vitality which, given proper leadership, could work miracles in their country.

But I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that one major miracle already is taking place. And it is a miracle that has no parallel anywhere else in Europe. And perhaps I should tell, at this point, as an illustration of what I mean, the story of Basil, the local tailor in the village where I lived.

Before the war, Basil had worked as a shepherd until, one day, he was sacked for killing a sheep. So he started to learn tailoring. He was one of the young men of the village of whom no one thought much: and the sentiment seemed to be mutual. He was pretty disgruntled himself. Then, in 1940, the war began, followed by the occupation of the village, first by German troops, then by Italians. But in 1943 the Italians capitulated, the Germans did not bother to keep garrisons in small villages, and control of the area was taken over by the communist guerrillas. Basil became the local commissar: the *ypervthinos*, or party member 'responsible' for the village. That job he kept till the first communist revolt was crushed in February 1945. And he was still about when I went out there that March: a thin, fierce-looking young man, with his hair brushed straight back from his forehead in the approved communist fashion, and the typical (perhaps carefully practised) militant party member's glare in his eye. Soon afterwards he disappeared for a short spell in gaol. And then, when the troubles started up again in 1946, he very wisely moved to Athens where he lived unobtrusively for the next four years. Then he came back.

Transformation of Basil

Basil happened to be one of the first people I saw when I arrived in the village last December. But, if he had not told me, I should never have known it was him. What I now saw was a plump, obviously prosperous, rather self-satisfied-looking person in a smart grey suit. He discussed recent events with some complacency, told me his business was flourishing—he now employs a staff of three—that he was just completing the building of a house, and that he was shortly getting married. I often saw him later, with his wife, always looking smart, portly, and rather smug: a frequent church-goer and a regular attender at school speech day and all the other village functions.

To me the interesting thing about Basil was not so much his own extraordinary personal transformation from wild revolutionary to a seeming pillar of established society, but the reactions of the village to him. The past, and his share in it, seemed to have been completely forgotten. Basil the *ypervthinos* had become Basil the tailor, and that was that. I do not suggest that his case is typical of every other young man who was once in his position. But it certainly is an illustration of the way in which past troubles and past hatreds can be forgotten by ordinary people.

The present Government—a coalition of liberal groups, some more, some less progressive—is doing what it can to speed the process of reconciliation. When it came to office nine months ago, there were still 20,000 prisoners in gaols and island camps. By now about half of them have been unconditionally released, and more releases are taking place every day. The opposition loudly complains that the Government's clemency measures are going too fast and too far. They fear that the Communist Party—still illegal since it officially declared its support for the guerrillas in 1947—is busily reorganising for more bloodshed. And one must admit that such fears are not based only on

speculation, political prejudice, or bitter memories of recent past.

You may perhaps remember, last March, reading of a big spy trial held in Athens. Twenty-nine communists and their associates, headed by a member of the central committee who had secretly entered Greece, were tried by court martial for military espionage. Eight were sentenced to death and four were subsequently shot. I happened to be in Athens myself while the trial was taking place. I spent long hours in the courtroom listening to the evidence and to the prisoners' defence. And I took some trouble to investigate, very closely, the story that lay behind the case. Briefly what happened was this. Two illegal radio transmitters were discovered hidden in the cellars of houses on the outskirts of Athens. For several years, these sets had been sending a regular flow of information—some of it straight military espionage—to a station near Bucharest in Communist Rumania. At the time the sets were seized by the police, one of them was actually transmitting and the operator shot himself.

Whatever may have been said by foreign propagandists about this case, the fact was that not one of the prisoners themselves—all of whom spoke with the utmost freedom and several of whom remained defiant and unrepentant throughout the trial—once questioned the validity of the evidence brought against them. That evidence showed, in greater detail than ever before, just how an underground communist network operates in a country outside the Iron Curtain, how orders reach it from the Cominform, how information is sent back, and how the various tasks—from spying to propaganda and the penetration of other political organisations—are allotted among members of the group. The story behind that trial is something

anyone specially interested in modern communist technique would certainly want to study. I mention it here only to illustrate the difficulty which still faces the Greek Government in its task of pacifying and reuniting the Greeks, and winning back as useful citizens the minority who worked or fought with the guerrillas during the civil war. How can you achieve reconciliation with an enemy who refuses to accept defeat? An enemy who fights an underground cold war today just as bitterly as he fought the guerrilla war three years ago? How, in fact, can you preserve democracy without letting its privileges be misused by those who want to destroy it?

Those are big questions which do not concern Greece alone. And it is no part of this talk to suggest the answers. I can only report that Greece seems to have found an answer which, so far, works. It is true, as I have said, that the Communist Party as such is still illegal. It is also true that there is a free, uncensored press, one section of which often, closely and quite openly, follows the communist line. There is even a handful of members of the Greek Parliament known to have been selected as candidates by the communists. And there is a degree of freedom of discussion and political activity in Greece to find the equal of which one would have to search quite thoroughly into the history of eastern Europe since the first world war.

That, then, is my report from Greece. It would be wrong, of course, to leave the impression that there are not still big and difficult problems—economic and political—to be faced. There are plenty of both. But, on the whole, I personally did not disagree with Niko Matsouka when he confidently said: 'If we have peace, with God's help, everything will gradually come right'.—*Home Service*

Portraits from Memory—III

BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M., on D. H. Lawrence

MY acquaintance with Lawrence was brief and hectic, lasting altogether about a year. We were brought together in 1915 by Lady Ottoline Morrell, who admired us both and made us think that we ought to admire each other. Pacifism had produced in me a mood of bitter rebellion and I found Lawrence equally full of rebellion. This made us think, at first, that there was a considerable measure of agreement between us, and it was only gradually that we discovered that we differed from each other more than either differed from the Kaiser.

There were in Lawrence at that time two attitudes to the war: on the one hand, he could not be whole-heartedly patriotic, because his wife was German; but on the other hand, he had such a hatred of mankind that he tended to think both sides must be right in so far as they hated each other. As I came to know these attitudes, I realised that neither was one with which I could sympathise. Awareness of our differences, however, was gradual on both sides, and at first all went merry as a marriage bell. I invited him to visit me at Cambridge and introduced him to Keynes and a number of other people. He hated them all with a passionate hatred and said they were 'dead, dead, dead'. For a time I thought he might be right. I liked Lawrence's fire, I liked the energy and passion of his feelings, I liked his belief that something very fundamental was needed to put the world right. I agreed with him in thinking that politics could not be divorced from individual psychology. I felt him to be a man of a certain imaginative genius and, at first, when I felt inclined to disagree with him, I thought that perhaps his insight into human nature was deeper than mine. It was only gradually that I came to feel him a positive force for evil and that he came to have the same feeling about me.

I was at this time preparing a course of lectures which was afterwards published as *Principles of Social Reconstruction*. He, also, wanted to lecture, and for a time it seemed possible that there might be some sort of loose collaboration between us. We exchanged a number of letters, of which mine are lost but his have been published. In his letters the gradually deepening consciousness of our fundamental disagreements can be traced. I was a firm believer in democracy, whereas he had developed the whole philosophy of Fascism before the politicians had thought of it.



D. H. Lawrence

I don't believe [he wrote] in democratic control. I think the working man is fit to elect governors or overseers for his immediate circumstances, but for no more. You must utterly revise the electorate. The working man shall elect superiors for the things that concern him immediately, no more. From the other classes, as they rise, shall be elected the higher governors. The thing must culminate in one real head, as every organic thing must—no foolish republics with foolish presidents, but an elected King, something like Julius Caesar.

He, of course, in his imagination, supposed that when a dictatorship was established he would be the Julius Caesar. This was part of the dream-like quality of all his thinking. He never let himself bump into reality. He would go into long tirades about how one must proclaim 'the Truth' to the multitude, and he seemed to have no doubt that the multitude would listen. I asked him what method he was going to adopt. Would he put his political philosophy into a book? No: in our corrupt society the written word is always a lie. Would he go into Hyde Park and proclaim 'the Truth' from a soap box? No: that would be far too dangerous (odd streaks of prudence emerged in him from time to time). Well, I said,

what would you do? At this point he would change the subject.

Gradually I discovered that he had no real wish to make the world better, but only to indulge in eloquent soliloquy about how bad it was. If anybody overheard the soliloquies so much the better, but they were designed at most to produce a little faithful band of disciples who could sit in the deserts of New Mexico and feel holy. All this was conveyed to me in the language of a Fascist dictator as what I *must* preach; he underlined the 'must' fifteen times.

His letters grew gradually more hostile. He wrote:

What's the good of living as you do anyway? I don't believe your lectures *are* good. They are nearly over, aren't they? What's the good of sticking in the damned ship and haranguing the merchant pilgrims in their own language? Why don't you drop overboard? Why don't you clear out of the whole show? One must be an outlaw these days, not a teacher or preacher.

This seemed to me mere rhetoric. I was becoming more of an outlaw than he ever was and I could not quite see his ground of complaint against me. He phrased his complaint in different ways at different times. On another occasion he wrote:

Do stop working and writing altogether and become a creature instead of a mechanical instrument. Do clear out of the whole social ship. Do for your very pride's sake become a mere nothing, a mole, a creature that feels its way and doesn't think. Do for heaven's sake be a baby, and not a savant any more. Don't *do* anything more—but for heaven's sake begin to *be*—start at the very beginning and be a perfect baby: in the name of courage.

Oh, and I want to ask you, when you make your will, do leave me enough to live on. I want you to live for ever. But I want you to make me in some part your heir.

The chief difficulty of his programme was that if I adopted it I should have nothing to leave.

He had a mystical philosophy of 'blood' which I disliked. He said:

There is another seat of consciousness which exists in us independently of the ordinary mental consciousness. One lives, knows and has one's being in the blood, without any reference to nerves and brain. This is one half of life belonging to the darkness. When I take a woman, then the blood-percept is supreme. My blood-knowing is overwhelming. We should realise that we have a blood-being, a blood-consciousness, a blood-soul complete and apart from a mental and nerve consciousness.

This seemed to me frankly rubbish, and I rejected it vehemently, though I did not then know that it led straight to Auschwitz.

He always got into a fury if one suggested that anybody could possibly have kindly feelings towards anybody else, and when I objected to war because of the suffering that it causes, he accused me of hypocrisy:

It isn't in the least true that you, your basic self, want ultimate

peace. You are satisfying in an indirect, false way your lust to jab and strike. Either satisfy it in a direct and honourable way, saying 'I hate you all, liars and swine, and am out to set upon you', or stick to mathematics, where you can be true. But to come as the angel of peace—no, I prefer Tirpitz a thousand times in that role.

I find it difficult now to understand the devastating effect that this letter had upon me. I was inclined to believe that he had some insight denied to me, and when he said that my pacifism was rooted in blood-lust I supposed that he must be right. For twenty-four hours I thought that I was not fit to live and contemplated committing suicide. But at the end of that time, a healthier reaction set in, and I decided to have done with such morbidity. When he said that I *must* preach his doctrines and not mine I rebelled and told him to remember that he was no longer a schoolmaster and I was not his pupil. He had written:

The enemy of all mankind you are, full of the lust of enmity. It is *not* a hatred of falsehood which inspires you, it is the hatred of people of flesh and blood, it is a perverted mental blood-lust. Why don't you own it? Let us become strangers again. I think it is better.

I thought so too. But he found a pleasure in denouncing me, and continued for some months to write letters containing sufficient friendliness to keep the correspondence alive. In the end, it faded away without any dramatic termination.

What at first attracted me to Lawrence was a certain dynamic quality and a habit of challenging assumptions that one is apt to take for granted. I was already accustomed to being accused of undue slavery to reason and I thought perhaps that he could give me a vivifying dose of unreason. I did in fact acquire a certain stimulus from him and I think the book that I wrote in spite of his blasts of denunciation was better than it would have been if I had not known him. But this is not to say that there was anything good in his ideas. I do not think in retrospect that they had any merit whatever. They were the ideas of a sensitive would-be despot who got angry with the world because it would not instantly obey. When he realised that other people existed, he hated them. But most of the time he lived in a solitary world of his own imaginings, peopled by phantoms as fierce as he wished them to be. His excessive emphasis on sex was due to the fact that in sex alone he was compelled to admit that he was not the only human being in the universe. But it was because this admission was so painful that he conceived of sex relations as a perpetual fight in which each is attempting to destroy the other.

The world between the wars was attracted to madness. Of this attraction Nazism was the most emphatic expression. Lawrence was a suitable exponent of this cult of insanity. I am not sure whether the cold inhuman sanity of the Kremlin is any improvement.

—Home Service

New Trends in American Education

By MARY McCARTHY

IN the United States today, there are 1,301 colleges with 2,500,000 students. Of these I know perhaps a dozen well. All these institutions are qualified to give the standard degrees in the arts or sciences; yet behind the B.S. and the B.A. lies a mass of incommensurables. Roughly speaking, four types of college can be distinguished; the state university, with its liberal arts core and its technical schools in forestry and mining; the state agricultural college; the small private liberal arts college; the small denominational college attached to a religious sect. But within the four types, there are dissimilarities sometimes broader than between the types themselves: a rich ambitious state university, like Minnesota or California, may be closer in spirit to Harvard, say, or to Columbia or Stanford, than to its poor neighbour, the University of Oregon or of North Dakota, and a small southern denominational college with its complement of farm boys may resemble a state agricultural college more than it resembles Haverford or Muhlenberg in Pennsylvania, both old-time sectarian schools also; a big Catholic university like Notre Dame or Georgetown, has much in

common with the state university, and a stiff private women's college, like Vassar or Bryn Mawr, admits no affinity with other private women's colleges of the laxer finishing school order.

What can be said, in general, is that education in the United States is in the midst of a tremendous metamorphosis which is bursting the old categories; different colleges find themselves at different stages in this process; colleges are close to each other in time, like trains racing along parallel tracks, rather than in geography or in wealth or in social composition. The traditional ivied college with its crustacean professors and barnacled social customs, exists mainly in stagnant areas and in popular belief. These stagnant areas or pockets of insularity may be found all over the country, in private colleges and in state institutions, in colleges for Negroes or for white Methodists or for debutantes; they may be found within a single department in an otherwise modern college, in the Old Guard of a college faculty at war with the youthful president, in the sorority of faculty wives, in commencement addresses and baccalaureate sermons. In these stagnant areas,

whether of fact or belief, the college is conceived as a sheltered refuge from the world of action, a mossy Arcadia populated by innocent elderly shepherds with pipes and ancient lecture notes and collections of tics and crotchets. The American college professor plays in American folklore the role of the clergy in classic English comedy; innocence, being his traditional sin, is hypocrisy. The scandals that rock the old-fashioned colleges are usually somehow sexual in their overtones, like parish scandals, when the pastor runs away with the organist's wife.

'A Branch of Technology'

Such attitudes, where they still exist in the hinterlands, have a certain reliquary charm. In the big up and coming colleges, the presence of some venerable Tartuffe or Silenus on the faculty is felt to possess a curio value. Your modern college professor is, by contrast, a dynamo. American education has become a branch of technology, with affinities to science, on the one hand, and to fashion on the other. The young man who goes into college teaching today is geared to action, not to renunciation; he has taken a vow of success. The college career does not lead away from the world but into it, via the lecture, the magazine article, the ghost-written speech for business leader or political figure. Between Washington and the university, between the foundations and the university, between the 57th Street art world and mid-town publishing and radio and even Hollywood and industry and labour and Bohemia and the university, a continual shuttling goes on; the professor who used to be napping in his study is today on an aeroplane or a sleeper with his briefcase, indistinguishable often from the sales executive who occupies the next seat.

Today, as in the past, the college career does not pay very well, but it represents a minimal security to the young man with his foot on the ladder. In the literary world, for example, the writers' conferences that go on all summer long in colleges all over the United States present the college teacher who organises them with a golden opportunity for meeting famous people and people of influence. These conferences are attended, not only by circuit-riding writers who are paid to come and be looked at and heard, but by men in the publishing business, sniffing out a new book or a new trend; the professor who is running the show has not only developed his contacts but he may find himself appointed a publisher's literary adviser or talent scout. If he does not write himself, he may act as a professional feeder of talent into publishing or magazine journalism. Such conferences are also sometimes attended by men from the foundations, looking for advisers and assistants. The various short story writing courses that are taught year round in the colleges play a considerable part too in the publishing business; not only is young talent developed, like a species of natural resource, but the professor who teaches the course may produce one of the many short story anthologies that there is always a market for among other teachers of the short story; here the producer and the consumer become identical.

What I am saying does not reflect necessarily on the characters of all the men and women involved in this process: it merely indicates that we live in a business society. A similar connection could be shown between bohemia and business; and indeed bohemia, business, and the university overlap. The young teacher who does not resemble, in dress and social habits and eager dynamism, the young sales tycoon, may resemble the cafe talker of Montparnasse and 8th Street; his relation may be closer to the world of foundations and patronage subsidised by business than to the business world direct. Much antagonism is generally felt between these two types of teacher, even when they are united in one person; each accuses the other of literary racketeering and parasitism. The literary vagues—James, Kafka, Melville, Sartre, and so on—are usually created by the bohemians and resented by the short story and writers' workshop technicians, until they are taken over by them. What is sad about this whole situation is that it is very difficult even for the sincere and fastidious person to escape being drawn into these patterns of conformity.

But America is not only a business community but a political power, and here a different connection between the world and the university appears. The most die-hard Republicans, who used to rely on their native platitudes, now have professors behind them, like stage prompters. The fear of communism has greatly accelerated this development; now not only are economists required to advise both the administration and the opposition, but anthropologists, social scientists, philosophers, atom physicists, and even literary people. When Forrestal was Secretary of the Navy and began to be aware of communism he did not look into the subject himself but hired a Smith Professor to write him a digest

of marxism, which he then recommended to his colleagues. And an admiral of my acquaintance, who has been submitting himself to academic guidance, talks happily of 'directic matterism'—dialectical materialism. All this is not a one-way process. The problems and gossip of government re-enter the university via the travelling professor's brief-case. Nowhere today, except in Washington itself, does one hear so much political lowdown as in the university faculty rooms.

The danger for the college in this appropriation of its human resources by government is the subtle loss of independence. From association with government, the professor learns to 'understand' its problems, and from understanding to condonation is a short step. Where the professor came to the government as a dispassionate adviser or messenger of virtue, he returns an apologist. The same thing, *a fortiori*, happens with business. I have not mentioned the witch-hunt, which seen from over here is not of great proportions. It is true that a very few teachers have been fired for communist membership or associations, but communism is only another kind of conformity and the worst one we know. There has been no reign of terror, no purge of liberals. University teachers are not afraid to speak their minds, except in backward bible-belt sections where they were always afraid—afraid to drink or have their wives smoke. (In this respect, in fact, there has been an improvement.) The teacher today may be more careful to qualify his statements on social issues than he was in the past but he continues to make them. A great deal of Hiss' support came from American universities and was perfectly and even indignantly outspoken. What does threaten the quality of American college life is not any limitation on expression but the strengthening of its ties to commercialism and to the so-called realities of world politics.

As the world-crisis deepens, more and more pressure is exerted to integrate the college into the national community. College presidents talk of the need to indoctrinate for democracy; in many colleges today the freshman year opens with a basic humanities course, designed to instil western values by the Great Books method. Behind the call for loyalty oaths, which are absurd from any practical point of view, is a desire for a sense of oneness. Everywhere college curriculums are being revised to put heavier emphasis on the contemporary. Contemporary literature, which was scarcely taught a generation ago, is now one of the most popular courses in the country, and the teaching of contemporary literature is responsible for the presence of many contemporary individuals—that is, novelists and poets—on the college campus. In some progressive colleges, you may have several courses in contemporary literature running simultaneously; the students demand them. In one progressive college I taught at, you could teach the students anything so long as your course title contained the words 'contemporary' or 'modern'. You could teach Shakespeare, for example, in a course called 'Forerunners of Contemporary Literature'.

Microcosm of the World

Alumni pressure, especially in the women's colleges, demands that the students be taught courses that will be useful to them in after-life, that is, in the immediate years to follow, the years of child-care. Even the best women's colleges are yielding reluctantly to these demands and becoming, more and more, vocational schools for marriage. This means not only more courses in child psychology, psychology, and home-making, but a proliferation of courses in art-appreciation, music-appreciation, and again, short story writing, which seems to be regarded as a housewife's outlet. In short, the whole tendency is to make the college absolutely continuous with life, a microcosm of the world outside it. In the old days an M.A., at the very least, was required for college teaching. Today, students and alumni both want the teachers to be people who 'do things'; an M.A. degree has become nothing, and sometimes even the B.A. is waived. The communication of a body of knowledge is ceasing to be the function of education, and the old-time expert in Chaucer or Lydgate or Anglo-Saxon is almost unknown on the modernised campus; he has been replaced by a young short story writer. That hobnobbing with celebrities, which has always been the American passion, is now the daily privilege of every student, and the celebrities, in their turn, become more and more like the students, in dress and manners. In the more advanced colleges, men teachers dress in sweat-shirts, sneakers, tee-shirts, and Hawaiian blouses; women in peasant skirts and blouses—this is the quest for youth. Thus the marriage between the world and the academy is finally consummated when the teacher and the student are twins.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

What Cancer Research Has Done

By PEYTON ROUS

THE true nature of cancer was not realised until near the middle of the nineteenth century. Then man first perceived that his body and those of all higher animals and plants consists of myriads of tiny, living cells of widely various sorts and capabilities, all working in harmony at their different tasks and thus maintaining the organism. Soon the many kinds of tumours, including the cancers, were found also to be made up of cells and to have arisen by their multiplication. More than that, these cells proved to be not intruders from without, but to have derived from normal cells strangely changed in some way. After the change they begin to multiply, no longer doing so only in proportion to ordinary wear and tear, but keeping at it and so producing the lumps that are tumours. Furthermore, they lose their old, orderly relationship with the body as a whole, carry out their previous tasks less well, and often fail to do them at all.

Different Types of Tumours

The sardonic term 'benign' is applied to those tumours which remain local and grow solely by enlargement of their intrinsic mass, harming only by reason of their bulk. Such growths may become huge but most of them can be removed with no after-effects. Yet they merit the term benign only in comparison with those growths called 'malignant'. These latter are the cancers. They are much more various and far less predictable in individual behaviour. They grow not only by cell accumulation but by invading and destroying the tissues next to them; and they form disorderly masses in which they themselves fare ill. Only too often some of their cells penetrate into the blood or lymph vessels, are carried along in their streams, and, lodging and multiplying in vital organs, produce more growths of the same sort. This is a major calamity for the body and may be decisive for its fate. The cells of the worst cancers are like a rabble running wild amidst the society in which they live, bringing disaster upon this society, upon the whole body, and incidentally on themselves. And the body, like a bird with a cuckoo nestling, provides shelter and food to the destroyer. Indeed it will do more, sometimes fabricating new blood vessels to meet its needs and building fresh tissues to support it.

All this would be bad enough if only one sort of tumour originated from one kind of normal cell, but growths of several sorts can arise from many; and individual tumours of the same sort frequently differ in secondary ways. Furthermore, the changed cells often exploit hidden capabilities possessed by normal cells of the kind from which they have derived, disclosing their worst, as one might say.

For fifty years scientists had more than enough to do discovering all this, learning how to recognise and distinguish tumours of each type, and, far more urgent, finding out what each would do if let alone, and how widely it should be excised for safety, if removed it had to be. This knowledge was precious in the day, not far back, when the surgeon could venture little without mortal risk. But even now, when his scope is great and he can call upon antibiotics to help him against bacterial infection, he still often requires the aid of a specialist, close at hand with a microscope, to tell him the precise character of the growth he is taking out and how far he must go in the tissues to make sure of getting it all. Many pathologists have devoted all their working years to this expert duty and others will continue to do so. Tumours of new sorts are still not infrequently encountered, or those well known behave in ways so unexpected that they must be written up in medical journals because others like them will surely turn up again.

With the coming of the nineteen-hundreds the main task of classification was done and investigators could turn to other themes. Throughout the ages fear that cancer is contagious has caused mental misery and untold hardships. To learn whether ground for it exists, medical scientists, notably Bashford and his co-workers early in the century, investigated alleged instances of the transfer of cancer from one person to another, and, analysing statistics, showed that it never happens.

Yet even now this fact cannot be stressed enough. A belief that the liability to cancer is directly inherited has caused almost as much unhappiness, and also persists into today. How often does one hear people say resignedly, 'I come of a cancer family'. Yet a full fifty years' study of mortality tables, and the construction of a whole forest of genealogical trees have convinced statisticians that no familial liability to any of the common cancers exists save, perhaps, to those of the breast and uterus, and in their case it is, at most, only slight. Out of the present uncertainty one sure fact emerges, that worry in this matter is not justified.

This is not to say that certain rare cancers do not arise on the basis of inherited tissue abnormalities. The skin of some members of a very few families is so sensitive that ordinary exposure to light will bring about cancerous changes on the arms or face while the individual is still young. Other instances of the hereditary determination of cancer could be cited, but each is so exceptional as to call for special scientific report. True, by the experimental brother to sister mating of mice throughout twenty-five or more generations—in human terms for some 750 years—pure strain animals have been got in which tumours of one special kind or another are remarkably frequent; but no wonder, since the mice have been rendered literally 'of one flesh', and are essentially replicas of a single individual, with all the liabilities to him appertaining—and also the advantages, for some of the inbred strains never have tumours of kinds common in others. In these inbred strains normal tissues can be readily transplanted from one animal to another. No such one-flesh state of affairs obtains in human beings: skin grafts between brothers and sisters in even the purest races of man fail after transfer between all save identical twins. Human beings are indeed almost incredibly mongrel, and our inheritance, as concerns liability to cancer or freedom therefrom, is made up of such an immense number of interwoven threads that they can never be sorted out. Perhaps we should thank our stars for that.

Bashford and his associates found cancer to be present in even the most primitive peoples. And not only does it exist in human beings everywhere, but in so many other kinds of vertebrate creatures that good reason exists to suppose it may occur in them all. Fish often have tumours, some of them cancers; they occur in anacondas, they can be readily induced in salamanders, and are common in chickens, mice, rats, and dogs. Animals in zoos not infrequently succumb to them. Yet most of them have added little to our knowledge of what cancer is, giving no more sign of their primary cause or of how they came about than do most human tumours by the time the doctor sees them.

'The Great Riddle'

The realisation that rats and mice have cancers led to successful attempts to transplant them for the purpose of study. Those of one species cannot be transferred to any other, yet so much do the animal tumours resemble the growths of man in all essential respects that facts of much scientific worth have been learnt from them. The practical value of the rat and mouse tumours now increases almost from day to day, with the increasing effort to destroy cancers with chemicals, radiant energy, or by other means. Were they not used for the necessary testing out and selection of agents which may prove worth while, this would have to be done on human patients. When the rat and mouse tumours were first transferred hope was high that they would yield the secret of the cause of cancer. But it soon became plain that this secret had been transplanted, too. If anything killed all the cells in the graft, no growth arose; for none of the cells of the new host had been converted into tumour cells; and a graft that grew told no more about itself than the grafted apple bough tells of why it is such. Many malignant growths have now been transferred from one animal to another by transplanting just one of their cells. Tiny though this cell is, it still holds close within it the great riddle of cancer.

Years passed before any progress was made in learning how cancer comes about, much less why. Scientists were aware that the disease in

human beings never starts from normal tissue but from cells mildly injured in some way, usually again and again throughout years; also cancer was known to occur with significant frequency in long-time workers with soot or tar or the aniline dyes. But these basic observations had not been acted upon. At last, in 1915, two Japanese investigators produced cancer of the skin by the prolonged tarring of rabbits' ears. Now one could watch the whole course of the disease. And a singular fact was soon noted—but let go at that for a while—namely, that many of the cancers brought into existence by tarring disappear if it is stopped, and indeed not infrequently do so even if it is kept up. The first tumours to arise after tarring is begun are mostly benign, and they succeed because of continual stimulation by the tar or some other factor, the ultimate cancers usually originating from them through a further, step-like change in their character. The meaning of these facts is that those growths which bring people to the doctor represent the survival of the fit amongst tumours; when first seen they have already been tried and tested by circumstance, and it is not surprising that they keep on growing. A tumour should be taken out early not only because it is small but because often it is different, having then little capacity for harm. As it enlarges it tends to become more dangerous, not only by further changes in character, with each of which it gains in malignancy, but by the emergence and gradual dominance of those cells which are most active. The animal body ministering to such a tumour might almost be regarded as conducting a school for iniquity, with the pupils who behave worst coming to the fore.

Cancer-inducing Substances

Of course, many workers strove to find how tar acts, but it is a mixture of so many ingredients that its cancer-producing principle was not isolated for nearly twenty years—a feat carried through by Ernest Kennaway and his ardent associates. They did far more. Knowing the structure of the active substance in tar they made others that were also cancer-producing, all of them pure and of known constitution which could be altered at will. Now it was thought one might hope actually to learn why cancerous changes come about. But this hope had failed to reckon with the complexity of the cell, which had been lessened not at all by the relative simplicity of the cancer-inducing substances brought to bear upon it. So to this day no one knows why these induce cancer.

In other ways, the achievements of Kennaway and his group have been vastly informing. Tar causes gross damage when put inside the body, but the pure chemicals they made are well tolerated. They can be fed, or inserted into apertures, or injected into the blood or this or that organ, and thus they have been found to induce not cancers alone but the whole wide gamut of the tumours. Some are so powerful as to induce cancer even in animals of species in which the disease is exceedingly rare, and they can cause multiple tumours to appear, and at many situations in less refractory animals. It has become clear that every warm-blooded creature has innumerable potentialities for cancer, any of which may result in the disease if only suitably acted upon. Here is food for the thought of those who fear contact with patients. Why fear it when numerous possibilities of cancer exist already within one's body?

The active search for new cancer-producing substances has yielded hundreds of the most various kinds. More are continually coming to light. The great majority only start tumours off, first producing chronic tissue disturbance with the result that at last some cell or cells become tumour cells. After this has happened—or even previously in the case of cancers resulting from X-rays—the agent inducing the change is left behind as the tumour grows. It is like kindling a flame, which can be done in any one of many ways. A very few agents have been found that do more—so much more that they must be looked upon as actuating causes of tumours. Without producing any preliminary tissue disturbance they forthwith convert normal cells into tumour cells, accompany these, increasing in quantity as they multiply, and they can be got again from the tumour tissue in a state to produce new growths of the very same kind. All of them are viruses, disease-producing agents so small as to have been visible only in their works until recently, when the immense magnification of the electron microscope disclosed some of them. A cancer of the kidney in one species of frog, many kinds of tumours in fowls, benign as well as malignant, and growths shaped like giant warts on the skin of the American rabbits called cottontails are all due to viruses. An English worker, Gye, was amongst the first to study the growths of fowls rewardingly. The rabbit tumours often change to

cancers after some months, but whether these cancers also have a virus as their true cause is still uncertain.

The active search of more than forty years since the first of the virus growths was recognised has yielded only these few instances—these, and one more of a wholly astonishing sort. Geneticists, seeking for some hereditary influence determining breast cancer in mice, found that a liability to the disease is passed on through the mother mouse, and furthermore that this liability is in fact a virus, which, reaching the stomach of the suckling in the milk, is carried thence to its rudimentary breast and to many other organs as well; but only in the breast does it somehow bring about cancers, though not until the animal is becoming old. Then little nodules form in the breast tissue of females, benign tumours causing no harm in themselves, but from which one or more cancers may arise. Nothing can be got from the cancerous tissue that will produce the disease except the virus originally present in the milk—the milk factor, as it is generally called. This can be fed or injected into new-born mice and the whole, slow cycle followed again. The milk factor has all the characters of a virus, save only that it does not produce disease directly. How it brings on mammary cancer is still problematic. The possibility that similar factors determine the occurrence of other mouse tumours has been largely ruled out by experiment. Needless to say, the question has arisen whether women, too, have a milk factor for breast cancer. Much work on the theme is in progress, but its interpretation is complicated by the recent discovery that male mice carry the factor for their species and sometimes pass it to females in their sperm. In this connection it is well to remember that statistics on human breast cancer speak against any marked familial liability.

The discovery of the milk factor, handed on from one generation of mice to another in so subtle a way, has sharpened the search for other tumour-producing viruses which might reach the organism deviously. None has been found. Those scientists who have worked intensively on the subject, supposing that the generality of growths may be due to viruses, have mostly come to realise that grave factual obstacles render this unlikely. But some other agents determine the occurrence of cancer with a certainty that viruses cannot surpass. I have already mentioned those chemicals prepared in the laboratory, which are so powerful as to induce the disease in every individual of species naturally liable to it. In the late eighteenth century, Percival Pott observed that London chimney-sweeps often got cancer where soot had been ground into their skin, sometimes developing it while they were still boys. Today about a fifth of the cancers reaching surgeons in the Madras Residency of India originate on the throat or palate of young women who have smoked cigars in reverse (with the lighted end inside the mouth), having been taught to do this in childhood. All too often cancer is an earned misfortune—innocently earned, yet none the better for that.

Importance of Living Conditions

These are dramatic instances, and more might be cited. But those which are difficult to perceive have greater practical significance. The Kennaways have shown that in Britain cancers of the skin, mouth, throat, indeed of structures all the way to the further end of the stomach, become more frequent as one goes down the social scale. The lesson is plain that improvements in living and working conditions, and in food and drink, should prevent some cancers. Feeding chili peppers to rats has been found to cause cancer of their livers. No wanton test this, it throws light on happenings in man: for chilis are a favourite food of the Bantus of South Africa in whom liver cancer often occurs. Some Californians, making routine tests to learn whether an insecticide would kill higher animals, put it in the food of rats, which flourished until tumours developed in several of their interior organs, after a year or more. Here is proof that cancer-producing agents can reach deep into the body and bring on cancer at spots one might think they could never reach. To say that we run the gauntlet of such agents all our lives is no exaggeration. But fortunately most of them are mild in their influence, and act on us only now and then and here or there.

The revelation that environment is responsible for many human cancers, whereas heredity has little to do with it, is amongst the greatest contributions of cancer research. One result is that certain industrial firms nowadays have tests made on mice to learn whether any of the processes or products to which their employees are exposed can be cancer-producing. With increasing industrialisation this step will be taken more frequently. For civilised man is the most adventurous of creatures, always bringing catastrophe upon himself in new ways.

(continued on page 142)

NEWS DIARY

July 16-22

Wednesday, July 16

The Prime Minister tells Commons that 'grave and far-reaching' economic measures will be announced before the parliamentary recess

Dr. Adenauer, speaking in Berlin, appeals to Russia for 'positive reply' to Western Powers on German unity

Thursday, July 17

Dr. Moussadeq, Prime Minister of Persia, resigns. Qavam es Sultaneh appointed as successor

Soviet Government agrees to British request for withdrawal of Mr. Pavel Kuznetsov of Soviet Embassy in London

British Railways Western Region shedmen decide to end 'go-slow' movement

Friday, July 18

Minister of Labour refers back to Wages Councils proposals for wage increases in distributive and allied trades

Western Commandants in Berlin decide to increase military police patrols in western sectors of city

Home Secretary tells Commons of plans to improve recruiting for Civil Defence

Saturday, July 19

Fifteenth Olympic Games open in Helsinki
Curfew imposed in Teheran after demonstrations against new Prime Minister

4,000 dentists from fifty-eight countries attend eleventh International Dental Congress, held for first time in London

Sunday, July 20

Hussein Sirry Pasha, Prime Minister of Egypt, resigns

Number of people injured in clashes in Teheran between police and supporters of Dr. Moussadeq

Delegates of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers' Union pass resolution condemning Minister of Labour's decision to refer back wage proposals

Monday, July 21

Qavam es Sultaneh, newly-appointed Prime Minister of Persia, resigns

U.S. Democratic Party Convention opens in Chicago

King Farouk asks Hilaly Pasha, former Prime Minister of Egypt, to form a government

Eleven reported dead in earthquake in California

Tuesday, July 22

Lower House of Persian Parliament votes for appointment of Dr. Moussadeq as Prime Minister

International Court of Justice announces it is not competent to deal with Anglo-Persian oil dispute



The British team marching in the parade of athletes during the opening ceremony of the Fifteenth Olympic Games at Helsinki Stadium on July 19. Seventy thousand people heard President Passikivi of Finland declare the Games open. Sixty-nine nations are represented—the largest number ever to take part



Apsley House, Hyde Park Corner, London, was opened to the public on Saturday as the Wellington Museum. This photograph shows the ninety-foot-long Waterloo Gallery; on the banquet table can be seen the centrepiece of the elaborate Portuguese service presented to the Duke in 1814. The house and its treasures were given to the nation by the present Duke of Wellington in 1947. The building, which was damaged during the war, has been restored and redecorated



Paavo Nurmi, the great Finnish former Olympic Games, blows the Olympic flame into the St



General view of the ceremony in the Garden, Westminster, was dedicated to the statue it adjoins. The garden is in the style by M. Moreux, architect-in-charge of the palace



Mr. Averell Harriman; Vice-President Alben Barkley; Senator Estes Kefauver; Senator Robert Kerr; and Senator Richard Russell photographed in Chicago before the opening of the Democratic Party Convention there on July 21 to choose a candidate for the U.S.A. Presidential election. All except Vice-President Barkley (who at the last moment asked that his name should be deleted) are contenders for the nomination



Charing Major A. B. Kinnier-Wilson (late of the R.A.M.C.) after he had won the Queen's Prize at Bisley on Saturday with an aggregate score of 277 points



8 when Lower Grosvenor in memory of Marshal Foch re-designed in the French national monuments and style



F. S. Trueman bowling in the third Test Match against India at Manchester on Saturday, when he took 8 wickets for 31 runs. England won by an innings and 207 runs



On July 20 the Queen visited the new town of Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire, to lay the foundation stone of the Church of St. Barnabas in the first of eight 'neighbourhoods' to be developed. Her Majesty is seen during her tour of the new town



An arrangement of flowers shown at the 1952 Flower Academy held at the Horticultural Hall, London, last week. It was the first exhibition devoted to the arrangement of flowers to be held in London



A harlequin made in 1850 and operated by clockwork, included in an exhibition, on view in Church Street, Kensington, London, until July 26, of antique dolls and mechanical toys



The London Symphony Orchestra giving a concert by the lakeside at Ken Wood, north London, on Saturday evening

(continued from page 139)

Compared with him the tiger, the badger, the wolf are hidebound conservatives, leading narrow lives.

To know how cancer is brought on is to be able to think of prevention. But many things happen in the body of which its possessor cannot be aware and these all too often result in conditions which, acting on cells, have cancer as their consequence. It is no accident that the disease is so often found where things have gone awry. The most remarkable examples are those in which certain normal substances, the hormones, are concerned, the 'chemical messengers' as their discoverer Ernest Starling called them years ago. Secreted by special glands and carried in the blood, the hormones determine the growth and activities of distant organs. Experimental evidence has long been accumulating that they may act to bring on cancers, but practical use of the knowledge is recent. Men owe the development of their sex organs and their general masculinity to the male sex hormone. A Chicago surgeon, Huggins, noting in his laboratory that the human prostate gland is stimulated to develop by this substance and may later become cancerous, asked himself whether the cells of the cancers may not also be urged on by the hormone; and to find out he removed the hormone-producing organs from men whose prostatic cancers had become widely scattered in their bodies. In many cases the tumours dwindled or disappeared after the operation, and such general betterment resulted as to give years of active life to the patient. Similar results can now be obtained by administering the female sex hormone, which nullifies the activity

of the male, or by giving an artificial hormone, first made by Dodds of London. Treatment in this way is limited at present because tumours that have arisen from normal cells of sorts uninfluenced by the sex hormones do not respond to them at all. But there are other hormones, and how far therapy with them may go has still to be discovered.

What society demands is means that will cure, and the present-day success in coping with bacterial infections—a success almost beyond imagining—makes this demand reasonable. Those differences in tumours that are due to their derivation from cells of different type are already proving an obstacle to chemotherapy; growths of certain kinds are set back, if only temporarily, by certain chemicals, whereas others not at all. The possibility of finding a general panacea seems slight; yet a few facts might be taken to favour hope for it. As may be recalled, some of the chemicals bringing on cancers induce tumours of every other sort as well, in all their great diversity. Furthermore, when these substances are applied to inbred mice, prone to have tumours of certain sorts spontaneously, they induce such tumours early and in greatly increased number. Apparently the change whereby normal cells become tumour cells is essentially the same for growths of every kind, whether occurring naturally or experimentally. Since scientists now have in their hands substances producing this change, irrespective of the special character of the cell involved, it is permissible to think that some equally comprehensive means may be found to combat tumour cells in general by acting on the principle common to them all. But this rests with the future.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space.

Portraits from Memory

Sir,—I am more or less of Lord Russell's generation. I too am a Victorian. All the same I wish to protest against his ungenerous account of Lytton Strachey in his 'Portraits from Memory'. That he should find Strachey's personality uncongenial and his books unsatisfactory is understandable, but why ever does he want to reminisce about him? Could he find no one else? Surely it is better to forget a man whom one dislikes and thinks unimportant rather than to pursue him with unfriendliness twenty years after his death.

It is true that Strachey was clever, although not as clever as Lord Russell, and it is also true that cleverness alone cannot make a man great. But there was more than cleverness in his case. There was the passion which shone through his work and made it vivid. There was his admirable style—it never reminded me of Macaulay's though I should not have sneered at it if it had. There was a certain historical power; the accuracy of *Queen Victoria* has, I believe, not been seriously impugned; *Elizabeth and Essex* is inaccurate but is in other ways his greatest work. There was, of course, his sense of humour, and, equally important but frequently forgotten, there was his fondness for fun. He liked playing about, and if people discussed such a vast subject as Life not genuinely but in terms of hot air he would instantly play the fool. There was indeed a natural gaiety in him—a gaiety which supported Lord Russell as a prisoner but is evidently of no use to him as an O.M.

If the tone of Lord Russell's remarks had been consistently frivolous, one could have regarded them as an amusing display of sniping, but in his concluding sentence he claims for them the importance of a frontal attack, and consequently they necessitate a reply.

Yours, etc.,

Aldeburgh

E. M. FORSTER

The Trustee Becomes a Partner

Sir,—Professor Lewis' over-simplification of historical fact in the opening sentences of his

talk, 'The Trustee Becomes a Partner', has led him into grievous error. I realise that simplification is necessary, but I would suggest, if I may, that the following general statement is more accurate:

The settlement of Europeans in Africa aggravated tensions which had existed since the beginning of tribal dispersion through the continent. Europeans and Africans feared, despised, and fought one another—and still do. Africans seized Bushman and Hottentot lands; Europeans seized Hottentot and African lands. Europeans became the providers of the African's means of livelihood, and the African thus became subservient to the European. Social distinctions followed, similar to those in all communities.

It is this last sentence which holds the kernel of the complaint levelled by Professor Lewis and others against the European attitude towards the African in Africa. Its validity is worth considering.

I would suggest that in Britain a recognised but unwritten *apartheid*, or separation, exists between different social classes. How many bank clerks, for instance, are on intimate social terms with coal miners or dock labourers? Why do professional and 'gentlemen' cricketers use different entrances to the pavilion? Why are public houses divided into public and saloon bars, each with its clientele who would feel uncomfortable in the other? I recently looked at a house which was for sale at a price I thought I could afford. It was in a row on the outskirts of an English village. Its owner said: 'I don't think you'll be happy here'. He was a garage mechanic, and he hesitated to express frankly what was in his mind. But from what he said, I realised that I was not the sort of person the neighbours would feel at ease with. The unwritten law of social *apartheid* prevented me from buying that house. I suggest that tribal society in Africa is similarly class conscious, and that class distinctions are more clearly recognisable if skin-colour distinguishes the people who would instinctively use the public bar from those who would automatically go into the saloon bar; the bank clerk from the coal miner; the garage mechanic from the professional man

or woman; the African headman from the squatter. In addition, social distinctions are sharp-cut when the standard of living of the community ranges from mud huts without windows or sanitation to brick villas with all amenities. The mud-hut rural slum is at the back of the mental picture in which white people in Africa place black people. White fear of social degradation is therefore much stronger in Africa than it is in England. This fear is, I think, the reason for the colour bar, and is present in Africans who are civilised and white in all but the colour of their skins.

If Professor Lewis feels that this analysis strengthens his contention that Europeans can only damage Africans if they settle permanently in the continent, I must beg to disagree. We know that in England many different social classes exist together. Would Professor Lewis say that partnership between these classes is impossible? Why should not a similar social pattern work satisfactorily in Africa? I would suggest that if the primitive conditions in which most Africans live (both in body and mind) could be done away with over-night, the sort of class distinctions with which we are all familiar would emerge and dissipate the colour bar. Presumably, we can be sure that in course of time primitive Africa will disappear. It seems to me that the transition will be benefited, rather than harmed, by European capital, ingenuity, courage, resourcefulness, and 'stickability'.

For this reason, if for no other, permanent white settlement in Africa must continue. The difficult task of creating true partnership between white and black needs the constructive vision of those who feel strongly on the subject, as Professor Lewis does. May we hope that perhaps he may be persuaded to reconsider his attitude and abandon his present policy of despair?—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.3

UNA LONG

Sir,—One is not quite sure just what Professor Lewis was trying to do in his talk, 'The Trustee Becomes a Partner' (published in THE LISTENER, July 17). Was his aim to show, in an

oblique manner, the lack of realism in the European settlers' belief that they can continue to avoid doing 'what they consider menial work'? Or does he really regard this unwillingness as a permanent and unalterable natural fact?

Surely it is obvious that, sooner or later, the Europeans living permanently in Africa will have to accept economic equality with the Africans—unless they can hermetically seal off their territories from the rest of the world and its technology. The estimate in Mr. Stelling's letter that 'generations must pass before equality . . . can be achieved . . . ' merely indicates in what a fantastic dream-world he is living. Industrialisation is proceeding at an ever more rapid pace everywhere, and industrialisation demands the raising of educational standards and maximum efficiency in the selection of personnel; and this means, can only mean, economic equality. The 'disastrous results' Mr. Stelling envisages will be guaranteed only by the persistence of his attitude.

Those who, like him, find that Africans' 'habits, their appearance and, above all, their smell are offensive' will either have to learn to put up with it or go somewhere where they will not have to suffer the presence of these objectionable creatures. Somewhere, that is, out of Africa. That alternative, after all, does exist!

Yours, etc.,

P. J. ROLLINGS

London, N.7

Realist Art

Sir,—Mr. Eric Newton examines 'recent trends in realist painting', the theme of a new ICA exhibition, put together hastily to echo the rumblings of Paris, and rightly cannot discover in it the *Zeitgeist*. As almost a veteran of a one-man 'trend of realism', scarred in unequal combat by the blows of the amassed academicians of Modernism, I feel justified in joining in the *mêlée*.

In 1946 I held forth on the Third Programme (THE LISTENER, October 17, 1946) on the apparent new vistas of realism. ' . . . The airless studios grow stifling. Kick the door open—the hum of life turns into a roar . . . ' was one of its calmer phrases. But, in spite of a further two reprints (*Living Opinion* and *The Voice of the World*, 1947), my 'creed' fell on the deaf ears of the esoterists—at that time uncompromising seekers of 'recent trends in abstraction'. Yet my pursuit (independently of my resulting work) was (and is) legitimate and exciting enough: an attempt at a synthesis; at painting fed on reality (but the reality of today, which is that of the awareness of multitudes, of global oneness) and achieved through the formal liberty won by Modern Art. An 'epic' art to match our time, more fitted for mural spaces than for drawing room canvases.

We seem to be now on the eve of the same danger of intolerance in reverse: an equally academic cold-shouldering of all other forms of art, except dogmatically defined realism. The overgrown body of the middlemen (dealers, officials, commentators) molest the few serious artist-explorers' by their restlessness, their pricking ears for novelty or conversely by settling in rigidity, their tactical or 'provincial' waverings—and sway the regiments of the artist-cultivators', who fall readily behind the fashionable banners.

An authentic 'trend' does not come into existence by the clamour of the busybodies, but is the trail of the pioneering artists who carry a new message in their vision and craft. The process cannot be accelerated but it can be delayed and confused. To quote my broadcast:

. . . A cycle does not end sharply; battles are staged which are not always won by the vigorous newcomer; conflicting periods overlap, but, when the old artificially chokes the new for too long,

frustration sets in. Whatever stirs the artist to creation is legitimate and there is no right or wrong direction. The very fact of the birth of a work of art justifies its right to exist: the artist and his painting irrevocably mirror his time, even if it points to confusion; his particular bent should define his direction, the quality of his work should not be judged by what he 'stands for', but only by the strength of his creative power as measured against his aim . . . The coming . . . art will not and must not hinder the other varieties of creative vegetation from growing in the fields, pots, and hothouses, as the case may be. But the fact remains that the type of art truest to the climate of the time and place has the highest creative 'potential'.

Or was this an expression of outworn liberalism, and now, six years later, the revolution with its ruthless methods is, perhaps, more in keeping?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

FELIKS TOPOLSKI

Ruskin in Venice

Sir,—I wonder why Mr. R. F. Jordan weakened his deeply interesting contrast between the impact of the Chamonix side of the Alps and that of Venice upon Ruskin by transferring to Venice an episode that took place in the Jura region. In Venice, he said, in 1845 when Ruskin was twenty-six, he would take a walk 'after dinner on the balcony—all *soufflé*, Sillery and sunset'. The dinner Mr. Jordan had in mind here was in fact consumed on April 10 that year at Champagnole on Ruskin's way to Venice, when he ate 'a couple of trout fried, just out of the river, of the richest flavour', a roasted woodcock 'on delicate toast' and 'a small perfectly compounded omelette *soufflé*' and drank 'to encourage the house as well as to make that which was already near perfection absolutely perfect' a half bottle of Sillery *mousseux*; and, what was more important, before finishing the meal he went out to admire the sunset and then wrote to his parents: 'As I came back to my *soufflé* and Sillery I felt sad at thinking how few were capable of having such enjoyment, and very doubtful whether it was at all proper for me to have it all to myself'. That dinner in the Jura was always remembered by Ruskin as a significant point in his development and he refers to it in his very last book (*Praeterita* II, chapter 6, para. 107).—Yours, etc.,

Savile Club, London

R. H. WILENSKI

The Continuous Creation of Matter

Sir,—On a clear, dark night I, seated on the cliffs of Dover, witness the departure by air for Calais, at supersonic speed, of the Astronomer Royal. When he has gone, say, a mile, I, at a prearranged signal, explode a bomb, whose flash he will may see, though the sound of it—while he maintains his speed—can never overtake him. Or so I assume. But what if, in turn, he now from, say, two miles' distance, lets off a bomb for me? Is it so certain that I, still seated, shall never hear the sound? The existence of Sir Harold's observational horizon I do not feel qualified to question. But his explanation of it leaves me less than fully convinced.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

CHARLES MANNING

The Nature of Scientific Theory

Sir,—In his recent talk, Stephen Toulmin is rather critical of Eddington. For Eddington scientific method involves two limitations, illustrated by two analogies. Firstly, says Eddington, an ichthyologist who fished with a net of two-inch mesh would not be warranted in declaring that all the creatures in the sea are more than two inches long. Secondly, there is his modernised version of the story of Procrustes—the man who adjusted the lengths of his guests to the

length of the bed upon which they were to lie and, having measured them up before they left, wrote a learned paper 'On the Uniformity of Stature of Travellers' for the Anthropological Society of America.

According to Toulmin, a study of the methods used by map makers is more likely to give us insight into the methods of science than are the Eddingtonian analogies. The map maker, says Toulmin, has to make decisions before he can set to work. Since he cannot make a two-dimensional map showing all features of a three-dimensional world, a study of the maps he makes will necessarily reveal limitations. To this extent and to this extent only, we are told, all scientific generalisations contain an element introduced by the investigator.

There is no need to contest the appositeness of this analogy. But Toulmin, like his cartographer, has evidently made a decision: a decision not to tell the whole story. One wonders if he has forgotten Eddington's analogy of the elephant which slipped down a grassy bank, watched by a physicist who thought only in terms of elephant-mass, angle of slope, and coefficient of friction between hide and soft grass. What is this but the ichthyological two-inch mesh in operation?

And what of classification, without which there would be no generalisation and little or no science? In classification we minimise or magnify resemblances in true Procrustean fashion. Even map makers, one would have supposed, are ichthyological if not Procrustean in their methods. Let them choose what projection they please, the methods of map making in vogue necessarily prevent the recording of the beauty of the local scenery, the freshness of the air, the friendliness of the inhabitants, and many other things beside. They afford an excellent confirmation of Eddington's thesis that because science tells us nothing about a spiritual world that is no reason for supposing that such a world does not exist.

But do not Eddington's two analogies cover the ground adequately? In fact, are not the decisions which a cartographer must make before he sets to work comparable to the decisions of the ichthyologist to use a net of two-inch mesh—perhaps even to decide on the shapes of the holes in his net—before he goes a-fishing? It is difficult to see in what way Toulmin's analogy throws further light upon his subject.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridgeshire

ROBERT E. D. CLARK

Technical College

Sir,—May I as a scientist comment on Mr. Toulmin's recent talks on scientific theory? The thesis that science is not specifically concerned with generalising but rather with discovering 'a fruitful technique of explanation' for experimental facts seems to be an inaccurate description of the scientist's activity.

Surely the position is that, by trial and error, purely empirical generalisations are constructed from a body of data (Mr. Toulmin's 'natural history' stage) which relate the variables in an experiment, and theorising (the 'natural philosophy' stage) is the process of generalising from these generalisations.

My point is that Mr. Toulmin makes an invalid distinction of type between natural history and natural philosophy. In fact, both belong to the same logical category, for the construction of the 'philosophy' requires both the material and the methodology furnished by the 'history'. A theory then does not 'explain . . . phenomena'; rather it connects the generalisations from phenomena into a form picture (or mathematical symbols) which is easily memorised.

In his criticism of *The Philosophy of Physical Science*, Mr. Toulmin says, 'By interpreting . . . theories as generalisations and treating

physics on the natural history model, Eddington gets into trouble', and he attacks the famous fish-net analogy on this basis. But that is precisely what theories are!

Eddington's position 'appears mysterious' not because he was confused, but because of the epistemological complexity of the problem he set himself—what does the scientist contribute to the generalising process?

If Mr. Toulmin is concerned to elevate the status of a scientific theory above the Machian level of a convenient mnemonic, he is surely committed to answering Eddington's question by that logical analysis of 'verification' and of 'inductive inference', which he was so concerned to dismiss as irrelevant.—Yours, etc.,
Nottingham P. C. JOCELYN

Sir,—One hundred years or so ago Mr. Walter Stanners (whose letter you published on July 17) might have argued thus:—

The ratio of the velocity of light, as determined by optical experiments, to the velocity of propagation of an electro-magnetic field, as deduced from electrical and magnetic measurements, is a feature of the real world, like the height of Nelson's column, which must be investigated.

We know now that this ratio is 1; the inference is that light is an electro-magnetic radiation. The point is this. Whenever a relation between constants of nature leads to a pure, *i.e.* dimensionless number, there is a suspicion that this constant is of a mathematical character. Once the mathematical form of this constant is established, a greater insight is won into the laws governing the physical quantities concerned. The proton/electron mass ratio is such a constant; the height of Nelson's column is not.

Yours, etc.,
Manchester D. G. PRINZ

Sir,—Apropos Mr. Toulmin's talks, Mr. Stanners compares the absolute zero of temperature with the zero lower bound for the volume of a gas, and disagrees with the suggestion that it is we who have introduced these bounds.

Actually, this comparison reinforces Mr. Toulmin's argument, which is that these numerical barriers depend for their existence on the particular scale of temperature or volume that we have chosen to adopt.

It is easy to remove the lower bound of zero for volume, and to construct a scale on which any number, positive or negative, represents a volume to be found in nature. An obvious way of doing this is to adopt a logarithmic scale; thus a volume which we now measure as V pints becomes $\log V$ 'logarithmic pints' on the new scale. As V increases from zero to plus infinity, $\log V$ increases from minus infinity to plus infinity, and so this scale has the desired property.

Let Mr. Stanners pioneer this new system, and ask his milkman for $-.301$ log-pts. of milk tomorrow, instead of his usual half pint.

Yours, etc.,
Potters Bar J. E. A. DUNNAGE

The Gingerbread House

Sir,—Mr. Harold Wincott tried to prove in his broadcast address that inflation combined with high taxation of profits is bound to lead to the consumption of our capital. He, however, mixes up the economic effects—*i.e.*, consumption of capital and a change in the distribution of the capital amongst the members of the nation. His example of the owner of a fleet of ships is not convincing at all. It may well be possible that the inflation and high taxation will have the effect of depriving this particular shipowner of his capital. But this does not imply that the number of ships in Britain and the amount of real capital represented by them must be on the

decrease during the same period. Our shipyards have been more busy than ever during the last years of inflation and high taxation, and the number of mercantile vessels has definitely increased since the end of the war.

It is a well-known fact that in times of deflation the investment of capital in machinery and other means of production (such as ships) is apt to come to a standstill, while in times of inflation great activity is usually developed in building up new factories, and investment in other means of production, in other words, in creating new working capital. This proves that deflation tends to destroy capital and inflation to create it, in contradiction to the statements made by Mr. Wincott.—Yours, etc.,
London, N.19 W. R. LOGAN

'The Root of Europe'

Sir,—I am indeed grateful for the kindly and thoughtful review published in your issue of July 10; but certain of the reviewer's contentions puzzle me.

The Byzantines, he says, were not 'truly Greek'. Let us admit this; they were not truly Roman either, though they called themselves Romans. But who were 'truly Greek'? Saint Paul's 'men of Athens' and the other Greeks politically dominated by, and culturally dominating, the Western Rome? Or the Greeks who marched with Alexander to the Indus and Oxus and spread 'Hellenistic' civilisation? Or only the Greeks of the sixth and fifth centuries B.C.?

And if only these, what is the criterion of their 'Greekness'? Your reviewer says that the Byzantines were un-Greek because their political genius 'found expression in an absolute monarchy which was the antithesis of the old Greek individualism'; and that their 'orthodoxy' was 'wholly alien to the classical spirit of free enquiry'. But surely there was plenty of absolute monarchy or tyranny, as well as oligarchy and democracy, among the earlier Greeks? While if the spirit of free enquiry was characteristic of them, so was incompetence to manage anything larger than a city-state. Kitto, in *The Greeks*, traces the intimate connection between Greek individualism and the breakdown of the polis system.

Finally, your reviewer says that 'Byzantinism does not have its root in ancient Greece at all'. By 'Byzantinism' he must mean, in this context, the blend of civilisations which maintained itself at Constantinople for 1,000 years after the fall of the Western Roman Empire. To say this had no root 'at all' in ancient Greece seems rather extreme. Perhaps the metaphor of root and tree troubles him. This was not the one chiefly used in my rash preface, where I specifically applied it to Graeco-Roman, not Greek, culture. Metaphors are convenient, but may not be driven too far.

Let us agree that the dust-jacket, which he quotes, sums up my thesis: 'Our Western culture gives us no monopoly in the heritage of Greece; "West" and "East" are the heirs of a common testator'. That testator was Greece, transmitting the heritage at different periods through different channels; and if the Byzantines could not claim a pure right of inheritance from 'ancient Greece', neither could the Graeco-Romans of the West. P. N. Ure, in *Justinian and His Age*, says that 'the Romans also were a people neither Greek nor altogether barbarian'. My thesis, which your reviewer considers superficial and doubtful, is that both West and East have legitimate claims to parts of the Greek heritage and that 'in neither case is the inheritance clearly divided'.

Where I feel that our monopolistic claims place us in grave danger, at the present time, is in overlooking both the defects of the Greece from which we claim heritage and the qualities

of that Greece to which others are more directly heirs. To quote Ure once more:

No student who reads Byzantine history even at its best can fail to be convinced that a government or society which allows no open criticism and no real freedom of thought is committing social and political suicide. Unfortunately, however, for those who believe in political and social freedom, Byzantine history also shows that this suicidal process may be a matter of centuries or even millennia.

How much should we know about the thoughts of your reviewer's 'ancient Greece' if the Byzantine system had not transmitted them to us by enduring, with all its faults, for 1,000 years and only then being put out of business by the Turks?—Yours, etc.,
London, W.C.2 MICHAEL HUXLEY

All History is Contemporary History

Sir,—If this proposition means anything more than the truism that the writer of history cannot help being influenced in his selection of 'facts' and his judgments by his life in contemporary society, it is a most mischievous doctrine. Whereas, I believe, historical studies have in the past proceeded in the hope that by the continued labours of historians a consensus of opinion as to what happened and why it happened would be gradually approached, though not probably arrived at, historians are now to be a species of romantic novelists expressing their individual intuitions and aspirations through more or less elaborate archaeology. And how can anybody argue with intuitions and aspirations?

Gibbon, Spengler, Marx, H. G. Wells, Carlyle, Croce, Collingwood, *et al.*, are placed above criticism except as artists. Each, sitting bathed in his separate enlightenment, has a simple answer to everything said against him: 'My vision is the true one and you sit in shadow or darkness; what you say is irrelevant'.

Gibbon and Marx, of course, did not arrive at such a frame of mind; it had not been thought up in their days. But it is quite clear in Collingwood (*Autobiography and Idea of History*). As for Croce, I have read a good deal of his writings, and was forced to two conclusions: that Croce thought nobody knew what History and history were except himself: and that what they were he was unable to explain.

Yours, etc.,
London, S.E.21 HILDERIC COUSENS

It is said that thirty to fifty per cent. of the patients who seek medical help of their doctors do so for troubles which have their origin in the mind, and this being so, a book which explains to the layman in simple language why and how such troubles arise is to be welcomed. Towards the end of his life Freud reduced man's fundamental subconscious instincts to two, the creative urge and what he called the death-wish, or destructive urge. He taught that our lives can be read in terms of the struggle between these two opposing principles and Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker develops this theme in *The Will to Live* (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.), and illustrates it with examples from his own case reports. He writes: 'If we could find and remove what is crippling the creative instinct, if we could restore it to its normal power, then we should be able to halt the slow suicidal trend and turn the patient back towards health'. To many people it will seem an absurd idea that men and women are to a great extent responsible for their own illnesses, but after reading this fascinating book they are likely to become less sceptical of it. It is important that as much as possible should be known of the psychogenic factors in disease and there will be few men and women who will be able to read this book without finding that something in it applies personally to them and who will not profit from having read it. It contains much less jargon than is usually found in psychological writings and from cover to cover it is packed with sound common sense.

A Thorn in the Flesh

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN on Charles, brother of John Henry Newman

I SUPPOSE it is fair to say that John Henry Newman's life was a life of trials. His dear brother Charles was certainly a trial: because, to put it bluntly, he was weak in the head; because he behaved oddly and often badly; because he was both ineffectual and sensitive; because he cost money, and time, and thought; because he made John angry when he wished only to be immersed in philosophic calm and was an added scrawl on his nerves when he was already at the limits of his endurance; and because he worried his mother. But he was a trial, also, for a reason which John considered more grave than any of these reasons: he held peculiar and sometimes shocking religious beliefs.

The Knocker at the Ivory Tower

If it is true that some compensation is to be found in even the worst of evils—a consoling Christian doctrine—the only merits one can find in Charles, as far as John's life was concerned, are, first, that inexplicable mystery of the love which nature is able to create between the most ill-assorted people; and, secondly, that in Charles there always stood before John an inescapable example of that complex clay we call human nature. For John was by his own nature something of an idealist, one may say a Platonist, a visionary, a man with a not very strong capacity for—to use a favourite word of his—'realising' things as they are, so that it was probably a very good thing for him to have Charles knocking so persistently at his ivory tower. When he was a child John had, he tells us, thought life 'might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful deception concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world'. If it was part of John's development to discover what kind of angels do inhabit this material world, Charles helped him enormously in his gradual disillusionment.

It was not until Charles came to his majority that he began to reveal his full potentialities as the family nuisance. His father had foreseen it several years before, giving it out as his distinct opinion that Charles would never make his way in the world. Not long after, Charles was to abandon all hope not only of his father but of his whole family; and considering what we now know of what he knew about them it is hard to blame him for looking at them with a jaundiced eye. He obviously thought that they were snobs. They certainly had social pretensions that were quite unjustified. For we now know that the Newmans came of a much more humble stock than they gave out—struggling, small farmers and country tailors, to be genteelly described by John as 'small landed proprietors'; we know that the grandfather had been a Shoreditch grocer who died worth £5; that the father was a mushroom banker with very little behind him; that he descended to keeping a pub in Clerkenwell; that he failed in business three times; that he became a public bankrupt who died without paying his debts—all of which was concealed from their contemporaries and from posterity. We know that in his last years his family was reduced to living in humble lodgings in some of the least elegant parts of London; that when he died his wife and three daughters had to live packed into the spare rooms, or it may have been into the spare room, of their Aunt Betsy's shabby genteel Finishing School for Young Ladies at Strand-on-the-Green, or living in trunks, as we say, with hospitable friends. We know, finally, that Aunt Betsy's School was always up to its neck in debt and had finally to be wound up by John Henry at considerable expense to himself and his brother Francis.

Charlie could not fail to contrast both the Micawberish background and the social pretensions with the undistinguished career to which, as he no doubt thought, the family ruthlessly condemned him. It is therefore not at all surprising that, immediately his father died, he should declare that he could not stand such a religious household for another second: religious to him probably meaning foolish, priggish, and generally too respectable for comfort. He moved himself to separate lodgings in the lower depths of Smithfield, and for the rest of his life he lived away from his family except when broke, ill, or lonely. It must be said at once, however, that when he did visit them they often

found him excellent company. His old grandmother loved a gossip with him. He could keep his family in peals of laughter for a whole night. And John has testified that he could not only make friends but attach them to himself over years. In our day misfits like Charles would be called individualists, and, though he could never, by any chance, anywhere, at any time have fitted in perfectly, he would find many more places to employ his talents—left-wing organisations, the B.B.C., the British Council, or the black market.

What he lived on to begin with we do not know, but after a year or so John got him a job in a most unlikely place: as clerk in the Bank of England, at £60 a year. The Bank's records give Charles' religion as Church of England, which is the usual polite fiction; his father as a brewer, which is only a slight *suppressio veri*, because he had been a brewer before he became bankrupt; and his health as having recovered from what is diplomatically called a recent fever.

His emancipation took a more drastic form when he declared himself a socialist. To his family, certainly so to John, this was as shocking as if he had declared himself an abortionist, an anarchist, or a Roman Catholic. For we will bear in mind that these were the eighteen-twenties not the nineteen-twenties, when young people were mad about anarchists and abortionists and when it was becoming fashionable to be a Roman Catholic, especially if you could manage to combine wickedness with religion. Charlie in fact went over neck and crop to the atheistical socialism of the Welsh reformer, Robert Owen of Lanark, though he was later to break away from Owenism and, so little do things change, invent a New Moral World of his own.

What Charlie's N.M.W. ultimately revealed to this old and immoral world is now mostly lost to us. All we know about it is that John considered that if it was new it was not moral, and there is no record to show that it ever had many—if, indeed, any—followers. He did, in his later years, form a friendship with George Jacob Holyoake whom students of the century will, according to their political leanings, either recall sympathetically as *the*, or devastatingly as *an* agitator. Holyoake edited a periodical to which he gave the truculent title *The Reasoner*, and Charles wrote for it, but his contributions were the sort of not specially reasonable articles which one might expect from the title of the periodical, and they defy analysis or even summary. It will measure the chasm between himself and his family, if we remember that Holyoake once stood in the dock for what was known as 'The Last Trial for Atheism', and was put into Gloucester Gaol for public blasphemy. It will give a still better measure of the chasm between John and Charles that John should at one stage—doubtless in the extremity of exasperation or bewilderment—have agreed to the family's taking a medical judgment on Charles, with the idea, presumably, of having him put away as mad.

A Mild 'Naturist'

Charles was not mad. He was merely a rationalist whose mental operations occasionally got mixed up, like a telephone operator who suddenly gets fed up with the job and shoves all the plugs into the wrong connections. He was aware of his weakness. When he was sending Holyoake a series of most abstruse papers on 'Causation in the Universe' he would at times say: 'My mind is now leaving me. When it returns a few months hence I will send a further paper'. Holyoake called him a Naturist; what we would probably nowadays call an agnostic. If so he was a mild Naturist, not at all as pantheistic as a certain poor Cornish labourer of whom Holyoake records that he could never dig a well deep enough for fear of killing the heart of the world. Charles, as John observed, was sane enough in ways. He was sane enough to hold firmly to one of the most comforting tenets of Owenism—that since character is formed by circumstances, nobody is responsible for his behaviour—from which he drew the entirely logical conclusion that, being the victim of crippling mental disadvantages, he should not be expected to earn his living. And if John Henry had accepted this now widely held socialist principle and paid him a dole, he would have saved everybody a great deal of trouble.

Unfortunately John Henry Newman was a stern moralist who thought that it was bad for Charles to be cosseted. Furthermore, he remarked, shrewdly enough, that any man who calls himself insane must be sane enough not to be insane. In any case John could not afford to pay too much attention to Charlie's ideas as to who was mad and who was not. Charlie once said—he must have been at the end of his patience with his pious family when he said it—that of all the mad families in this mad country of England the maddest were the Newmans; that the maddest person with whom he was acquainted was his brother Frank, later Fellow of Worcester, and a Professor in University College, London; that, after him, he rated in point of lunacy his dear brother John Henry (whom he was at that moment addressing); or if not John then he himself; or if not himself, perhaps that great man, his revered teacher, Robert Owen of Lanark. One begins to feel that to such a man 'mad' merely meant aberrant or eccentric; and in that sense the three Newman brothers were all dotty, for they were, undeniably, all aberrants or eccentrics. One thinks of those highly unconventional volumes with which Frank, the Professor of Classics, was to load the second-hand barrows of London: anti-vaccination tracts, pamphlets on Women's Suffrage; a book on *The Crimes of the House of Hapsburg; An Essay Towards Reproducing the Ancient Numidian Languages out of Modern Tongues*; a volume on *Married Morality*; another on *The Errors of Jesus*; essays on dieting; Kossuth translated into English, Hiawatha translated into Latin, and Tom Moore translated into Greek. The three brothers were eccentric because they were egocentric. Charlie's preposterous pride—which invariably led him to bite the hand that fed him—was merely a hopeless effort at self-compensation for an essential ineffectuality. All Europe and a great part of Asia revolved so closely around Frank that he went to Bagdad to persuade the Mahomedans to become Plymouth Brethren. John Henry, though saved by the delicacy of his intellect and the sweetness of his humility, was the most egocentric of the lot. The next world revolved around him.

Quarrels by Letter

Such self-absorbed brothers as Charles and John Newman were scarcely likely to pull well together; and they did not. They certainly could never have lived together under the same roof. They quarrelled frequently by letter. As to the sort of thing they quarrelled about, sometimes it was religion, sometimes opinions, sometimes behaviour. So, when their sister Mary died, Charles wrote such unfeeling letters to their mother that John had to reprove him. The result was a characteristic, prolonged, and verbose correspondence from Charles on the lines of: 'Our's is a great loss but why it should cloud you so I by no means see! . . . Do not men of sense drink their wine on the field of battle with friends dead and dying around them? Because they do not believe in Hell or any such superstitions. It is always my method in correspondence to put down what comes to the end of my pen, and if it is not allowed me to do so, if my doing so hurts your feelings I must decline all correspondence'. There are pages and pages of it, ending with the postscript: 'Aunt did give me the *Life of Cicero* but I was afraid of taking it to Mr. Mullins lest Fanny should wrap the butter in it and I doubt whether it would have been read I think it would have been lost'.

This correspondence went on for months, during which John's patience, though strained, seemed endless. But it broke finally, and John is almost screaming at the end of it: 'Why is it you thus persecute me? for I can call it no other name. It is hard I may not be left alone. It was you first wrote to me in February requiring an immediate answer. This is nothing new. Years past you have from time to time attacked and insulted me, forcing me into correspondence from which to you no good could come'. And he decided to have done with Charles. But, a month later, Charles is assuring his mother that he is receiving what he gratefully calls 'an ample allowance' from his brother John.

Charles loved writing these abusive letters. He wrote reams of abuse to the Directors of the Bank of England. They were very patient, but in the end they had to suspend him. He thereupon wrote to the Bank: 'I would much rather leave the Bank than have my feelings hurt'. From that on he became a thorn in the side of everybody, especially his elder brother. He fell into the only profession then open to men of no profession: he became a teacher. In due course John received a letter from him, ominously beginning: 'I have no doubt I have given you an exaggerated idea of my violence to Mr. B's boys'. This post seems to have been a school near Herstmonceaux;

he had lost it for biting one of the boys in self-defence while rolling on the ground under a score of the young savages. John was just then in a state of great excitement about a religious revival that he was organising from Oxford—it was to become known as the Oxford Movement—and simply could not play the nurse to Charles. In any case he decided that it would do him good to suffer for a little while.

Abandoned for the moment by John, Charles now turned to his mother. In the folly of her love she made over to him one-fifth of her marriage dowry, £1,000, hoping that the interest on it would give him some security. He went up to London, sold the deed for its market-value, and within a couple of months had squandered every penny of it. The next news of him that his mother had came from a mutual friend, a Mr. Ellis, who had visited Charles at No. 7 Hope Place, Bird Street, West Square, Newington-Lambeth. The shutters of the room were closed tightly. The only furniture was one chair. Charles was dressed only in his shirt and trousers. He received his visitor from a heap of straw in this empty room, in the company of a woman whose name is lost to history. He was so lightly clad because this harpy had pawned all the rest of his clothes for gin. But Charles was not in the least disconcerted. He apologised for failing to call on Ellis, explaining that his clothes were unsuitable for visiting; and, as was equally evident, that there were no facilities for washing. But everybody had been *most* kind. His brother John had sent him £10 only the other day, and his Aunt Betsy was calling on Monday. His Aunt Betsy did call on him. She whisked him off to Oxford, where the poor fellow returned slowly to health and to religion. He read John's sermons. He wrote humbly and gratefully to John. And he duly begged John to recommend him for another post.

John was, by this, burning himself up in the new movement. Tracts were pouring from his pen. He was having trouble with his best friends over them. He was fighting half-a-dozen public and private battles. His family was upbraiding him for neglecting them. He found it hard not only to have to take on Charles again in the middle of all this, but, while promoting a religious revival, to have to recommend as a teacher of youth a non-Christian, a possible atheist, a certain socialist, and an acknowledged biter of small boys. It is to his credit that he managed to do it. He would always manage to do it. He would usually have had to do it in the month of July—the end of term. And so from term to term we are to chase Charlie to King's Cross, to Bromley, to Chippenham, to Stroud, to Llandudno. We probably have not got half his addresses. John never had any need to chase him. He would turn up, unasked, from the wings, sometimes at the least suitable moment.

If he had not been such a sad figure Charles would have been the comic relief of the Oxford Movement. One of his most inopportune appearances was when John was in the hottest of hot water, and in great agony of mind, over 'Tract 90'. 'I have got thruppence', Charles then wrote, 'and as I have some bread and butter in the house I can make this last two days'; and he uttered the low threat that he might throw himself on the parish and disgrace them all. It was then that John decided to do something final with, for, or to Charles. Tearing himself away from his own troubles he persuaded Frank—with whom, likewise, he had been having acute differences for years past—to go shares with him in sending Charles to Bonn University to get a doctorate, their hope being that when he got it he would sail far away to America and torture a new world.

A Gap of Thirty-Seven Years

Charles was back in time to find John in the last agonies of indecision over his conversion, explaining that his landlord had impounded all his clothes in lieu of rent. John did what he should have done in the beginning. He again pooled his resources with Frank and gave Charles a perpetual allowance on condition that he should go away and settle somewhere in the country. After that we hear nothing more about Charles for thirty-seven years, when John Newman, now Cardinal Newman, living in Birmingham, heard suddenly from Charles' landlady in Tenby that his brother was seriously ill. Charles was then eighty, John was eighty-one. Though so old as to be feeble, the Cardinal packed his carpet-bag and went down to Wales.

For all those years Charles had lived in Tenby, a lodger in a poor cottage, in a humble terrace, on the edge of the town, in a district called Lower Saltern. For anyone who knows the story it is a moving experience to walk, as the aged Cardinal did that glorious September day in 1882, down past the tarry old sheds and shunting-yards of the local railway, turning off to the right along a path beside a sluggish stream brown with oxide of iron, between the ruins of those cottages

and the swamp before them that gives its name to Marsh Road. Charles, lifting his attic window on its notch, would, in the winter, have looked at a ruffled lake—once, at least, the marsh flooded the cottages half-way up the stairs. He could hear the seagulls, the shunting carriages, the waves pounding on the beach. For thirty-seven years he had been the Goethe of this Weimar that knew nothing of his existence, one of the obscure martyrs of Rationalism, writing his odd essays or annotating the newspapers with scornful marginal comments. There are still old men in Tenby who can remember how, as kids, they used to follow him, shouting 'Old Daddy Newman'. By chance a well-known journalist of the time, Thomas Purnell, got to know him and has left a description of him as these boys would have seen him. He says there was a touch of Jupiter Olympus about the old man, mingled with a touch of Mephistopheles; that he rarely went out until the evening, dressed in a pea-jacket and sou'wester, with a shawl or rug over his shoulders, and his trousers so half-masted that a large interval of white sock showed above his slippers. 'The old man', says a former resident of Tenby, 'was distinctly erratic. For instance, he never spoke of Queen Victoria but always called her Mrs. Guelph. And once when his brother John Henry came down to Tenby he refused to see him'.

Not at home . . . What a lot of things, both sad and pleasant, absurd and aggravating, John would have had to recall as he returned slowly uphill from the marshes to his hotel, the Royal Gatehouse, and stood by his window looking out over the beach and the sea. People could still have been bathing. Philip Gosse, the father of *Father and Son*, wrote a happy and most un-Gosseian book about Tenby in which he describes the brawny bathing-women, uncouth and uncorseted, carrying their delicate charges—slender figures in long sable robes and dishevelled hair—down to the waves. 'We cannot hear the shrieks, but we see with horror the arms dashed up in despair as the helpless victim is ruthlessly plunged beneath the whelming wave. It is too dreadful', he says. 'Let us turn from the Thalassine immolation'. So may His Eminence have turned with a sigh from the thought of his dying brother. The long daylight fades. The beaches become vacant. There is a slight movement in the tiny harbour as a dark red sail is shaken out, flaps a little, and then, with a faint creak of the jib, the mainsail rises and the trawler moves out to sea. . . . All of them together, when they were children, by the sea at Hastings or Brighton. Mother climbing the cliffs one day with Charles and himself. Charles keeping the books in the

brewery at Alton. Charles in the lodging near Covent Garden after the bankruptcy. Charles at the Bank. Charles out of work. Charles at work. Charles at Boulogne, at Bristol, at Bonn. A light heralds the September dusk. Along the lonely sands the waves flicker with a splendid luminosity. Slowly the sky becomes indigo. The sea is dark and cold . . .

Charles lingered for eighteen months. John paid for the funeral and the tomb. It is in the Anglican cemetery, overlooking the roofs of the town, and the bay, and the open sea. It was John who chose the inscription. '*Domine Misericordia Tua in Saeculum Opera Manum Tuarum ne Dispicias*': O Lord, of Thy eternal mercy, despise not this the work of Thy hands.

That ought to have been the end of Charles. But he had a genius for turning everything, even death, into farce touched by squalor. Some two months later a Mr. Whitaker wrote to His Eminence from the offices of *Whitaker's Almanack* that a needy acquaintance—who turns out to be the Thomas Purnell who knew Charles in Tenby—had temporarily parted for the sum of £5 with a bundle of letters, written by Charles and evidently intended for publication. Some of them, says Mr. Whitaker (who appears to be motivated only by delicacy of feeling), 'are very questionable indeed'. His Eminence may wish 'to have them suppressed, or to use a less unsavoury word, unpublished'. John sighed, as he had so often sighed before over Charles, and paid up. The letters no longer exist. One by one John must have watched their little acrid flames reduce Charles to ashes in the study fire. He was a man who wept easily. He should have wept then. For one has the feeling that he loved Charles always with a pitying and comradely love. He always had a soft corner for anybody who, like himself, was a poor hand at living. And as he believed in Heaven and immortality, he would have felt Charles near him, and understanding him, as they had never been able to be near to one another as long as this veil that men call life, or reality, or the flesh, had kept their spirits divided.

The literary remains of Charles Robert Newman consist of a volume entitled *Essays in Rationalism*, with a preface by George Jacob Holyoake and a sympathetic memoir by J. M. Wheeler. It was published seven years after his death; which shows that his own set held his memory in affection and high esteem. By that time the only Newman left to care was Francis, the former Professor. He was too busy to care. Aged almost ninety, he was engaged in writing an acidulous memoir on his dead brother, John. How Charles would have chuckled!

'Mad!', he would have said, 'All mad!'—*Third Programme*

The Gingerbread House

(continued from page 127)

brings me to the third reason why nothing is done. There seems to the politicians to be no urgency about the matter. It takes a long, long time for the real effects of capital depletion to be seen. Dr. Johnson remarked that when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully. But when a man knows that he is to be hanged in twenty years' time, the knowledge does nothing to concentrate his mind. Something, he will argue, is bound to turn up during the twenty years to save him from the gallows. Similarly, the prospect of a general election at any time over the next year or so concentrates the mind of an M.P. wonderfully. But what may happen to British industry in 1970 is altogether too remote to bother most British politicians in 1952.

In fact, the problem as I see it is one of making democracy work in the modern industrial society. Britain did have a vast capital formation in the nineteenth century, but that was achieved at a time when the functions of government were at a minimum and when the suffrage was distinctly limited. Russia has achieved a big capital formation in our lifetime, but she has abolished democracy as we know it. The United States and Canada and other democratic nations do seem somehow to have reconciled capital formation with democracy. But often the start of their capital formation has only been possible with assistance from outside the country; other people have gone without in order that industrial societies might be begun in those countries. Somehow or other, we must bring home the truth to our people, for until the voting nation understands the problem the politicians will dodge facing up to it. It should not be an impossible task, for we have plenty of evidence that the British can face unpalatable facts when those facts are properly presented to them; for myself, I believe the politicians are under-

estimating our intelligence in refusing to face up to the problem. But if we do continue to evade it, we should be under no illusion as to the long-term consequences of our evasion. Those consequences are nothing more or less than our eclipse as a great industrial nation, and our inability to continue to sustain 50,000,000 people on these islands.

For all I know, the gingerbread house of the nursery tale may make a good shelter. But if the occupants start eating it, then sooner or later they are going to find themselves homeless. If we insist today on having a standard of life that leaves no resources available for keeping our industries up to date, those industries, later on, will be unable to furnish us with anything like the standard we expect.

—*Third Programme*

Flamenco

Lady, sleeping beside the lemon tree,
Have no fear, though the stars fall,
Though the almond trees near where you lie
Seem to weep with infinite joy:
I know a music of this country
Which says all influence is friendly
As long as, like your dream, I sit
Beside you, naming the names of love,
Oh you more beautiful than the young
Quince blossoming between green hills.

W. S. MERWIN

Strawberry Hill in New England

R. W. CHAPMAN on 'Collector's Progress' by W. S. Lewis*

IN America the age of the great private collector is not over, though perhaps it is threatened. But in America, as elsewhere, the wealthy private collector has tended to cast a wide net, and too often to catch only big fish. The serious *specialist* collector is relatively rare. Among serious specialist collectors, W. S. Lewis is outstanding. I should add that though he is a private collector, his is not quite a private collection. It is, in effect, a branch of the department of English at Yale. It will remain where it has grown, in the lovely village of Farmington, Connecticut (which derives from Farmington in Gloucestershire), in a wooden frame-house (much enlarged to accommodate it), which is of the period. The houses in Farmington are neither named nor numbered; but many of them bear a date and the name of the first owner. The Lewis house, as I remember, is labelled 'Major-General Solomon Cowles, 1783'—a date that accords well with Walpole's enthusiasm for the cause of American Independence.

The most serious element in Mr. Lewis' collection is the letters by which Walpole is best remembered. He had a wide range of correspondents—and more than 7,000 letters by or to him are known. All that are known to be extant today are at Farmington, in original or in photostat. Elaborate indexes make it possible for the editors at Yale—of whom Lewis is the chief—to edit, say, Walpole's correspondence with Horace Mann in Florence without overlooking passages in other letters that may be enlightening. Of this great edition the Walpole Factory, as it is called—for the editors have not lost their sense of proportion or their sense of humour—has turned out in fourteen years sixteen volumes comprising approximately 6,000 pages of text, 900 pages of index, and—at a guess—10,000 footnotes.

The main theme of *Collector's Progress* is this edition of Horace Walpole's correspondence. It is expected to be complete in at least fifty volumes. The work is on the grand scale, profusely annotated and elaborately indexed. The plan of the edition is not chronological; Mr. Lewis was certainly right to present the material according to the separate correspondences, for many of which we have both sides. Each correspondence has its own index; but we are promised, at the end, a cumulative index in 'at least three volumes'. The scale of this edition is justified by its conception as a sort of encyclopaedia of the age; for Walpole's letters cover all the main topics of the time except theology, music, and natural science.

Macaulay's picture of Walpole as an aristocratic trifle—like other caricatures by that eminent hand—dies hard. In fact Walpole was a serious historian; and his letters are, as Mr. Lewis was the first to see, just as serious a part of his conscious legacy to posterity as his collection of contemporary plays and political pamphlets, or as the copious

memoirs of the reigns of George II and George III that he left in manuscript. This explains his care in copying his letters and in recovering them from his correspondents. Lewis was, as I have said, the first to see the letters in this light. He has pointed out that Walpole kept a correspondent for each of his leading themes, and that when a correspondent died, or became otherwise unavailable, he adopted a successor. Thus on politics he wrote to Horace Mann; on literature, to Gray and later to Mason; social gossip to George Montague and later to Lady Ossory. Yet these ulterior motives do not impair the apparent or even the real spontaneity of his current pen.

The works of Horace Walpole have been collectors' pieces ever since he set up his printing press at Strawberry Hill nearly 200 years ago. Walpole himself was surprised, and affected at least to be annoyed, when he found that the products of his press, which he sometimes allowed a bookseller to sell at moderate prices, were changing hands at what were then esteemed fancy prices. The vogue had this advantage for the later collector, that the Strawberry Hill books were often splendidly bound and embellished with the names, and the armorial book-plates, of many noble owners. Thus protected, they were always valued, and though Walpole printed small editions, almost all the copies have survived, in good condition, to this day.

When, in 1842, the contents of Strawberry Hill were dispersed at auction, the fashionable crowd thronged to a far richer opportunity. All his long life Walpole had been an ardent collector, not of books only, but of almost everything

that could be called an antique. He was an enthusiast for the Middle Ages, for anything that had 'the true rust of the Baron's Wars'. He had pictures, drawings, prints, coins, and china: Wolsey's hat, James I's gloves, and the spurs worn by King William at the Battle of the Boyne. The catalogue was printed many times over. It presents pretty problems to the bibliographer, and still commands a price. But all the people—noble, gentle, and simple—who in the nineteenth century and later have collected Walpole's works, or the products of his press, or his letters, or the *objets d'art* from Strawberry Hill, appear as mere trifles when they are compared with the author of *Collector's Progress*. *Collector's Progress* is the autobiography—or rather part of it, for its author has led a full and varied life—of an American scholar, Wilmarth Sheldon Lewis. He early mislaid his 'given' names, which look very well on the title-pages of the Yale edition of Walpole's Letters, and would sound well if they were ever sounded. But, when an undergraduate at Yale, Lewis was readily identified with one Lefty Lewis, a notorious gunman; and Lefty he has remained, until that nickname has become a password in three continents.

Scholarly work of this kind, of which collecting is the humble but the indispensable handmaid, is the collector's best justification. But to the



The new library in Mr. W. S. Lewis' house at Farmington, Connecticut, which contains part of his collection of 'Walpoliana': there are 5,000 books, and above them are portraits of Horace Walpole's relations

* Constable, 30s.

collector, or to anyone in sympathy with the collector's passion, other aspects of Lewis' life-work are even more amusing. The walls at Farmington are lined with books, portraits, drawings and prints, all relevant to the theme, and a very pretty picture. But I think the most fascinating thing in the whole *Progress* is the gradual reconstruction—partly physical, but mainly notional—of Walpole's library. Walpole had some 7,500 volumes, of which some 1,000 are known to have survived. About 800 of these are now at Farmington, and a new one arrives more than once a week. The reconstruction depends on various evidence: on the bookcases at Strawberry Hill, which retain their original lettering, ABC and so on; on catalogues made by or for Walpole himself; and mainly on the sale-catalogue of 1842, since the books were sold as they stood, and the catalogue follows the arrangement of the books on the shelves. Every volume, moreover, had Walpole's bookplate, and this of course is fortunate. But there is a snag. In the nineteenth century and later, Lewis tells us, the bookplate was always worth half-a-crown. Booksellers accordingly, when they found a shabby book containing it, took it out and either transferred it to a nicer book or sold it as a bookplate. The poor book, if it was shabby enough, was probably pulped.

Walpole's Shelf-mark

No book therefore can be accepted as genuine that does not bear Walpole's shelf-mark. In the main library, A 11 was the first book (on the left) on the first shelf in the first case. In subordinate libraries, subject to shuffling, he was content to indicate case and shelf, as A 1. One identification was made only last month. A bookseller reported a book with the Strawberry Hill bookplate. Lewis' reply was: 'Yes, Walpole had this book. You will find that the shelf-mark is E 85 altered to A 2 when the book was moved to another room'. And so it was, to the delight of the mystified vendor. A rarer case, recorded in *Collector's Progress*, is of a 'right' book masquerading as 'wrong'. One such book appeared to lack the authenticating marks. But Lewis had reason to believe it 'right', and instructed a binder to remove the Victorian end-paper. 'I think', he said, 'you will find C 2 15 just here'. And so it was.

Such manifestations of expertise are not only remarkable examples of collector's skill and devotion—it took Lewis six years to achieve his mastery of Walpole's library; they not merely afford comic, or romantic, relief to what Pope called the dull duty of an editor. *Collector's Progress* demonstrates, again and again, that knowledge—and, still better, possession—of even what is called 'subsidiary material' will solve editorial problems that would be insoluble without it. Open a volume of the Yale Walpole at random, and you will almost certainly find in a footnote mention of some material object (followed by 'now W.S.L.' in modestly small capitals) which explains an obscure allusion in the text, or throws light on Walpole's character—the breadth of his sympathies, his inexhaustible curiosity.

Lewis clearly believes himself possessed of a sixth sense for Walpoliana, and he adduces some remarkable evidence. Once, in the vaults of a great library, where were stored many thousands of eighteenth-century plays, all exactly alike in external appearance, he turned into a side-aisle and picked one from the shelf. It came from Strawberry Hill. Once, in a bookseller's flat, he half-consciously (for he made no apology) lifted heavy vases from a piece of furniture, heaved the furniture from the wall, stooped, and picked out a Strawberry Hill book from behind. A bookseller in London showed him a coloured drawing of a boy of about ten years old. He bought it, on the strength of an old inscription: 'Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford'. Next day he went to stay with Lord Waldegrave at Chewton in Somerset. There—though most of the contents of Strawberry Hill had been dispersed in 1842—was still a large collection of Walpoliana which Lord Waldegrave had inherited. One item was a folio volume of scraps collected by Charles Bedford, who had been Walpole's deputy in his public office at the Exchequer. Here was a copy of the same drawing, on which Bedford had written 'from an original coloured drawing in my possession'. No doubt remained that the subject was young Horace Walpole.

Lewis is indeed no ordinary collector. Besides the preternatural powers that I have illustrated, he has in a high degree the faculty called serendipity, a word coined by Walpole, which perhaps we may render as collector's luck—which is not really luck, but rather receptivity. Of course, he holds all the cards: knowledge of the subject, leisure, and wealth. But these advantages are not enough to explain what is perhaps his greatest achievement—that he has estab-

lished a virtual monopoly without, in any great degree, raising prices against him. He owes this partly to the generous interest of the booksellers—'liberal-minded men', as Dr. Johnson called them—partly to his personal attractions (to which must be added those of his wife), partly to a rare gift of patience. He has been known to go without tempting objects for years on end, in the confident expectation that the price would ultimately move in his favour.

What, we ought to ask ourselves—in the face of this omnivorous acquisition—should be the attitude of the countrymen of origin? There is, in the first place, much to be said for concentration. For the purposes of editorial research, concentration has great and obvious advantages. For the diffusion of sweetness and light, there is everything to be said for dispersion. The case for concentration is exceptionally strong when, as here, the relics of an author are exceptionally numerous and many-sided. And if Walpoliana are to be concentrated, where better than in a great university which has, in its Department of English, a powerful instrument, a tool of precision, ready to operate? Yale, with its army of specialists and its great library—one of the very richest in eighteenth-century books and newspapers—had a good claim: perhaps the best. And in Lewis it had a heaven-sent editor.

But there is also the international issue. How ought we to feel and act in face of the unceasing, and accelerating, transference of such treasures to the other side of the Atlantic? My answer would be that there are certain things that we must strain every nerve to keep. That we let the Ellesmere Chaucer go is, I think, a subject for remorse. Only the other day Constable's 'Salisbury Cathedral' was sold at auction for 20,000 guineas. If that should join the two versions of the same picture that are in the United States already, we ought to be sad and sorry. But, with this reservation, my view is that we ought to admit, and to admit cheerfully, America's claim to its share in the national heritage. In spite of the flood of immigration in the nineteenth century, the United States are still, in language and culture, essentially Anglo-Saxon. Shakespeare is as much theirs as ours. But I sometimes wonder if we ought not to make a distinction, drawing the line at, say, 1776. Up to that point in time, American culture is derivative; thereafter, there begins a tradition that, however closely linked to our own, is yet distinct. So perhaps the Americans have a better claim to Shakespeare and Locke and Johnson than they have to Dickens? I am sure that, if we were able to compete with them for the relics of Franklin or Lincoln, they would be slightly indignant.

Welcoming Our Losses?

However that may be, I suggest that, in the common interest of the English-speaking world, we ought actually to welcome the losses that anyhow we are powerless to prevent. After all, we have great wealth in our public collections, and (if we can avoid national bankruptcy) they are safe. The other countries—even the United States regarded as a whole—are still relatively poor; and it is all to the good that a Shakespeare quarto, or a letter of Keats, should be visible in Minneapolis; equally, of course, in Winnipeg, or Wellington, or Perth. On the other hand we need not feel that we are greedy if we keep all we can; we shall certainly lose far more than we keep. So let us do our best. By 'us' I of course do not mean the impoverished private owner, but the public, or perhaps the state. Such institutions as the National Arts Collection Fund, the Friends of the National Libraries, the Friends of the Bodleian, deserve all the support we can give them.

These reflections may seem to wander rather far from *Collector's Progress*. But in fact the international aspect of the subject will strike all who may read this entertaining and edifying book. Lewis has added to the English edition a preface on this theme. He quotes the late Stephen Gaselee, of our Foreign Office, who also was eminent as a collector and as a benefactor of the Cambridge University Library. 'Why', Gaselee asked, 'should we grudge the countries overseas those books which confirm to them the sense of their indebtedness to the English Heritage which they share in common with us?' Lewis adds, what is often overlooked, that the traffic is not quite one-way. 'English dealers and collectors make forays upon New York auction houses; English scholars ransack the libraries of Harvard and Yale'. All scholars and collectors will, I believe, applaud his precept and his example.—*Third Programme*

The Rev. V. A. Demant's 'Scott Holland Memorial Lectures' on *Religion and the Decline of Capitalism*, which, in a shortened form, were broadcast in the Third Programme and printed in THE LISTENER in 1950, have now been revised and enlarged and published by Faber at 12s. 6d.

Round the London Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

THE important exhibition, organised by Mr. James Johnson Sweeney, of *L'Œuvre du Vingtième Siècle*, which I mentioned last month in these columns, has now crossed the Channel and can be seen as 'Twentieth-Century Masterpieces' at the Tate—and seen, incidentally, in a better light than at the Musée d'Art Moderne. Nobody in this country who is interested in modern art should miss this opportunity to look at a number of the most famous and infamous examples of twentieth-century painting and sculpture in American collections.

As this exhibition naturally includes only artists of international reputation, it is a happy coincidence that the Arts Council should simultaneously be staging, at the New Burlington Galleries, an exhibition of 'Young Painters of L'Ecole de Paris', assembled by Mr. Frank McEwan. Only one canvas apiece represents these fifty-four painters born since 1904, but in all except four cases (Hartung, Estève, Tal Coat and Rebeyrolle) the work chosen gives a just impression of the artist's style and quality. The selection of painters has likewise clearly been made thoughtfully and discriminatingly. At the same time, nobody can ever wholly accept another man's anthology. I myself would certainly have included Balthus, Hélion, Poliakoff and Dora Maar; probably Bazaine, Manessier, Hérold, Roger Grand, Lorjou and Fin; and possibly Ubac, Dalmbert, Dayez, Gannes, Tony Agostini, Caréa Costa, Françoise Adnet and Simone Dat.

The outstanding pictures, I would say, are a dramatic Buffet landscape whose simplifications of observed forms have an authority that is astonishing in itself, let alone in view of the artist's youth; a mountainous landscape by Cortot, in which Paul Cézanne's vision has been filtered through Paul Klee's; a still-life by Civet, with its tenuous fishes, cruets and fruit-bowl on a table nervously floating in a Turnerish space; a luminous post-cubist still-life by Calmettes; a characteristic Nicolas de Staël; an impressively designed abstract by Soulages; and a Vieira da Silva in which every flicker of line and dab of pale colour functions with precision in building up a vertiginous composition in space whose total effect is to hint, with controlled ambiguity, at a metropolis remotely viewed, at one and the same time, from the air and through the windscreen of a car.

No analogous exhibition from Rome or London, Amsterdam or New York could hope to achieve the charm and verve and mastery of pictorial problems which pervade this show. Yet we can only feel there is not something missing from the work of the younger Paris painters if we allow ourselves to forget that art is a blood-sport and not a ball-game. It is not that they are simply working in the shadows of their predecessors, or that their art is 'cut off from life'. Balthus, Hartung, da Silva, Tal Coat and others have something personal to say, and they say it convincingly. But their imagination operates either within too narrow a segment of life, or at a rather trivial level, by comparison with that of Francis Bacon or even Matta, for all the flashy modernity of his phantasmagorias. Buffet has the necessary scope and

intensity of vision, and knows how to put it across (which cannot yet be said of some others—such as Hélion, Rebeyrolle and Minaux—whose ambition is commendably high), but he has done far too much self-conscious pot-boiling.

The dealers' galleries are filled at present by mixed exhibitions, except for the Hazlitt, where Denis Peploe is showing some pleasant enough paintings closely akin to his father's. An excellent show of French pictures at Matthiesen's includes fine examples of Courbet, Monet, Cézanne, Derain and Matisse (a tiny early *fauve* landscape). The Beaux-Arts have a marvellous Sickert, the last picture he painted and perhaps the greatest: it calls to mind, amazingly, the last work of Titian. The other miscellanies include recent paintings by Sutherland,

at the Redfern, and by Masson, at the Leicester and the Mayor. The best of the pictures by younger artists are those by Stella Steyn at the Leicester, Richard Hamilton at Gimpel's, and Hans Inlander at Roland, Browne and Delbanco's—a still-life of remarkable maturity for a student's work.

The Hanover are presenting a less inclusive and haphazard collection. They have had the bright idea of assembling a number of bronzes and drawings by Giacometti, Manzú, Marini and Moore, but have spoilt it by adding

some paintings by Metzinger. The only contribution made by these unimaginative pastiches of Gris and Léger is to cause over-crowding among the sculptures.

Actually, the works by the four sculptors are disappointing on the whole. Only Manzú is seen at his best, in some capable and delightful pastiches of Seicento drawings, a life-size bronze crouching girl in the tradition of Degas, and a tenderly (but not gently) satirical bronze of a cardinal, securely and enigmatically withdrawn within his cope. The four Marini bronzes of horses with or without riders are thoroughly repellent in the stylised overemphasis of the dramatic implications of their stance: one feels that the artist is caricaturing his own vision. The bronzes by Moore are some of his least inspired works—lifeless products of a heavy-handed automatism; the drawings he shows should not have been allowed to leave his studio. The works by Giacometti, with one exception, are by no means first-rate examples. The exception is, in my opinion, one of the outstanding masterpieces of twentieth-century art.

This sculpture, 'The Square', would be remarkable if it were no more than a disturbingly exact study of movement and a highly original essay in spatial relations. But these aesthetic qualities are not gratuitous. They are the means by which Giacometti has conveyed the elusive presence of people walking in a street—a theme which has often served as the very symbol of modern life—and revealed the dramatic tensions they are thereby involved in. The life of a street that might be anywhere in place but belongs only to our time is trapped without the help of anecdote, because it is entirely communicated in terms of movement in space. All the tantalising mystery of a waiting woman, all the secret purposefulness of men walking anonymously towards and past us, are made visible in these twig-like fragments of bronze.



'The Square, 1948-49': a bronze by Alberto Giacometti, at the Hanover Gallery

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Founding of the Second British Empire, 1763-1793. Volume I, Discovery and Revolution. By Vincent T. Harlow. Longmans. 45s.

THE MODERN BRITISH COMMONWEALTH and Empire consists on the one hand of a partnership of completely independent countries, and on the other of a medley of colonial dependencies, diverse in race, culture, and economic stature, evolving according to individual circumstances towards self-reliance and self-determination. This duality arose because in their Imperial activities since the late sixteenth century, Englishmen have tended to alternate between founding settlements of their own folk, and seeking to exchange their domestic products for exotic commodities in tropical or sub-tropical markets. Long before the American Revolution, the American colonies had achieved *de facto* self government, and the practice of devolution, the adjustment of metropolitan superintendence and colonial aspiration, first developed in Canada in the nineteenth century, has now spread to the non-European Empire, a by-product of oceanic commerce.

The thirty years between 1763 and 1793, here described by Professor Harlow with a rich variety of illustrative detail drawn from wide manuscript sources, represent a critical and exceptionally formative stage in this long evolution. Mechanical inventiveness and the exploitation of natural resources began to give the British people an industrial primacy which the old limited Empire was too small to contain, and in time made Great Britain the workshop of the world. Economic defences were becoming economic barriers. Since Professor Namier hinted at this thesis in his first volume on *England in the Age of the Imperial Revolution* (a work to which Professor Harlow records many obligations), it has wanted exposition and examination such as it now receives. To what extent was the old colonial system outmoded by the industrial changes? These thirty years opened the main themes brought to fruition by the Free Traders. The British employed their maritime superiority in seeking new markets in unknown oceans, a network of commercial exchange extending through the Pacific and Indian Oceans, in the Malay Archipelago and the South China Sea, protected at strategic points by naval bases. This was both to raise the British standard of living, as well as to foster the national position. They scoured the Pacific to find a new continent—Cook's three great voyages represent the fulfilment of a comprehensive plan of exploration adopted and promoted by British governments after the Treaty of Paris.

Professor Harlow describes the struggle which then began between those who defended political and economic tradition (like Lord Sheffield and William Knox), and those who desired innovation and reform. In Shelburne's phrase in 1782, 'we prefer trade to dominion', free trade and fair equality, or as Pitt put it in 1783, a complete commercial system suited to the novelty of our situation. Professor Harlow examines developments in India, the Far East, Ireland, the American colonies, and the attempt to introduce reciprocity of trade with the U.S.A. after the peace negotiations of 1782-3. Here there is too much detail for the author's purpose, which is not an account of those negotiations, brilliantly as they are treated.

Traditional policies are not easily changed if only because politicians are chary of challenging

vested interests or established prejudice. Eden and Sheffield defeated the extension of the benefits of Colonial trade to the Americans; Knox, who framed the regulations for trade between the U.S.A. and the British West India islands, firmly defended the Navigation Acts, 'so as utterly to exclude the American shipping'. As he wrote, it was better to have no colonies at all than not to have them subservient to the maritime strength and commercial interests of Great Britain. Even so, America achieved a unique position, although the revolutionary notions of the Adam Smith school did not gain universal acceptance: their influence acquired strength as the years went on until they ultimately triumphed. The Second Empire evolved from already known ways instead of being an entirely new, entirely different kind of empire.

Rightly insisting that imperial history is an integral part of the British record as a distinctive community, Professor Harlow relates his story at all points with the parallel social, economic, and political events in Great Britain: indeed, his work on the political background, particularly the fall of Shelburne and the formation of the Fox-North coalition, is of the highest order. Minor blemishes: (indiscriminate use of Prime Minister and First Minister), faulty proof reading, and some tentative speculations apart (if negotiations with Spain had broken down in 1782, perhaps the French Revolution would have been precipitated, and Napoleon's career different), this excellent book, of use both to specialist and general reader, whets the appetite for the second volume, which will be eagerly awaited: a major work on Imperial affairs, which has gone far already to controvert the old view that there ensued after the American Revolution a generation of imperial standstill.

British Scientists of the Twentieth Century. By J. G. Crowther. Routledge. 25s.

SOME years ago Mr. Crowther produced two rather fine books of biography in which he explored the relations between the discoveries of certain famous British and American scientists and the social relations of their times in addition to telling the reader what these men did and what they were. He has now written about six prominent British scientists of the present century along the same lines. The men are Bateson, the geneticist, and five deservingly titled, Order-of-Merited, quondam fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge: Lord Rutherford, Sir J. J. Thomson, Sir James Jeans, Sir Arthur Eddington, and Sir Gowland Hopkins. Mr. Crowther is a careful compiler. For one who has done no research work in his day he has a fine appreciation of what discovery is and what it leads to. He has read all the official biographies and obituary notices. He knows the gossip. Everything of importance about these six is mentioned in this book. If the reader wants the whole story he finds it clear and accurate here.

What some readers may not like are the occasional comments, the incidental improving of the occasion. Mr. Crowther sees his men of science emerging from characteristic phases of imperialism and capitalist development. Rutherford, the man from New Zealand, belonged, he thinks, to the imperialist phase; Thomson, from Manchester, to the rising Liberal phase of the mid-Victorian era, and Eddington and Jeans, born around 1880, to capitalist science in decline. Gowland Hopkins

alone escaped the capitalist and the past. He is regarded as belonging to the socialist science of tomorrow. All these made great discoveries in their day but did not escape the unwholesomeness of the political environment in which they worked. Rutherford, for example, is regarded as being 'an unconsciously tragic social figure'. Bateson, however, although a great man, was a failure. The author thinks that the medieval and capitalistic wealthy Cambridge led him astray in much of his work and made him end a frustrated man.

Collected Poems, 1921-1951

By Edwin Muir. Faber. 15s.

Obstinate and Calvinist enough never to have been converted by Eliot, old and single-minded enough not to have been colonised by Auden, Mr. Muir stands outside the Waste Land and the Age of Anxiety on his own heath, one of the few monoliths among living poets. A poet's individuality is inseparable from his life-story, and Mr. Muir himself has felt that his history holds a significance deeper than its mere events. He has told it indirectly in poem after poem; it is indeed more of a 'continual allegory' than has been usual since the early nineteenth-century romantics; and, aided by his autobiography, *The Story and the Fable*, and Mr. J. C. Hall's introduction to the *Collected Poems*, we may find it illuminating to examine.

He was born in Eden, and migrated to Hell. The family lost their farm in Orkney, 'with the black islands lying thick around', where 'from the house his mother called his name', and moved to Glasgow, where he spent years which 'were so stupidly wretched, such a meaningless waste of inherited virtue, that I cannot write about them now without confused grief and anger'. In a later poem he sees himself standing on a sea-girt hill from which both landscapes of his youth are simultaneously visible—on one side 'the ugly town', on the other 'fields flowering in the curling waves' and 'rap-turous divers never still'; but he has lost the way back to the hill, and worse, how can he be sure, if he descended it now, whether he would find himself 'with the bright divers never still, or on the sad dishonoured sands'? Other poems show that he also asked himself, in other forms, other questions. Which is the truth, to which *ought* the poet to return, the islands or the town? Is not the nostalgia for Eden a temptation to be resisted (man's journey should be forward to heaven, not backward to paradise lost)? Should one not welcome the city of the damned and try to save it (for it contains other lost souls, besides one's own)? And supposing both town and island were unmeaning facts, and the universe held neither good nor evil? Decidedly, the image could tell him nothing more; he went to Central Europe, and discovered the myth.

The myth was there, in Heine, Hölderlin, Ibsen, Rilke, Kafka. It was also in himself, and a lucky accident had made it available. To psychoanalysis, in those days, were given the keys to bind and loose, the power to silence a fertile artist by removing his grudge against the cosmos, or free a silent one by dislodging the fears that intercept his speech. By supreme good fortune Mr. Muir's treatment was broken off after the lid was lifted, but before the well could be emptied.

The myth, he found, was everywhere except in the present. 'The ancients', as Valéry has said

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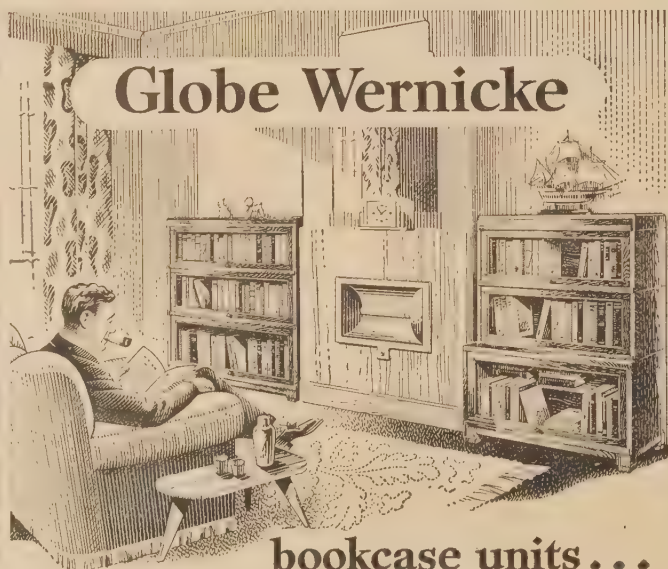
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in his *Lettre sur les Mythes*, 'set their philosophy to peopling the universe as ardently as we, in our time, have set ours to emptying it of all life'. Modern man has gained the world and lost his mythology, which alone can give a living—a poetic—meaning to history and the present. The image is double, lifeless, shallow, and stationary, a mirror facing a mirror; it illustrates. The myth is single, alive, profound, and moving, for it tells a story; it explains. Mr. Muir found his poetic task in the re-peopling of our artificially emptied universe with myths. He has made as many myths as others have made images: voyages, journeys, returns, sieges, labyrinths, monstrous beasts of prey, and histories of imaginary towns and nations—all buried tales of conflict and endeavour, of the hero fighting to save spiritual treasure from blind or all-seeing forces of negation. His creatures and situations resemble those of the Jungian dreams released at the time of his psychoanalysis, but refined into works of art, each grouped round its central unity and consciously linked with the racial unconscious of mankind.

It would be premature to suppose that Mr. Muir is reaching the goal of his fabulous journey; but there are signs in his latest poems of atonement and peace, of a new concept of time. Time was always his villain, the Baudelairean time that says 'It is later than you think', time the tempter, who tells us that Eden is in the past and we have only to turn back, time the devourer of beauty; but there are hints now of time the rectifier and creator, of time as grace and providence. Home again, after seeing Prague from Kafka to Gottwald, he may be building his good city. His *Collected Poems* speak to our age with exceptional integrity of insight and imagination; the readers, critics, and brother-poets of posterity may well give him the permanent place in the poetry of the world that is reserved for seers and innovators.

Bees, their Vision, Chemical Senses, and Language. By Karl von Frisch. Oxford. 18s.

The temptation to use superlatives is difficult to resist, for it is impossible to praise too highly this enchanting little book about how bees find their way and communicate with each other. Professor von Frisch, who has spent forty years studying the sensory capacities and behaviour of bees and other lower animals, gave an account of some of the more interesting results of his work in three lectures delivered originally at Cornell University, and reproduced here with an appendix, bibliography, and illustrations, and a grateful introduction by Dr. Griffin of Cornell.

The first chapter describes the capacity of bees to distinguish colours and shapes, the second their sense of smell, and the third—unquestionably the most fascinating—their way of communicating information to each other. Professor von Frisch found that it would often take hours, sometimes days, before a bee discovered the honey he had put out in one of his experiments; but as soon as one bee had found the way many more, sometimes hundreds, from the same hive, would quickly arrive on the spot. It was clear that the first had made its report. The language used is that of the dance, and the account of the experiments (repeated with the same results by other scientists) which established the variations in dance behaviour corresponding to varying directions and distances, is astounding. As the author himself remarked, 'No competent scientist ought to believe these things on first hearing'.

The bee's dance conveys information of a precise character to the other members of the hive about the flowers it has been visiting. Whether or not this implies intelligence, the kind of intelligence needed for map reading or the use

of the compass, is not directly discussed, but clearly some of our more widely held ideas about the faculties that differentiate human beings from animals will have to be re-examined, if not revised.

Professor von Frisch's work has no doubt long been known to apiculturists, zoologists, and students of animal behaviour, but this book requires of the reader no specialised knowledge. Its elegance, economy, and charm compose into a model of good writing, and as an example of the scientific method it has all the beauty of classic simplicity.

The Florida of the Inca By Garcilaso de la Vega. Nelson. 30s.

The ill-fated expedition of Hernando de Soto arrived off the coast of Florida at the end of May 1539. Less than two months earlier, the historian of the expedition was born in Cuzco in Peru. The Inca Garcilaso de la Vega was the son of a Spanish conquistador and an Indian princess, a niece of the great Inca Huayna Capac. His youth was passed in the city of his maternal ancestors, but at the age of twenty he went to Spain, never to return. Dr. Raul Porras Barrenechea, of Lima, has recently pointed out how difficult it must have been for a mestizo to fit into the rigidly classified society of sixteenth-century Spain, and a nostalgia for the land of his birth no less than pride in his noble ancestry on both sides may have led him to write about the things of America. He is best known for his history of Peru, the *Comentarios Reales*, but the *Florida* is also a notable work. The accuracy of some of its details has been called in question, but judged by the standards of its time, it is an exceptionally careful piece of work.

Garcilaso's ancestry gave him an exceptional insight into the minds of both Spaniards and Indians, though his work on Peru is marred by special pleading in favour of the Inca civilisation. In the case of the *Florida*, perhaps he sometimes credits the Indians of the southern United States with standards and attainments more appropriate to the Peruvians, who, even when not idealised, were more cultured. Nevertheless the book contains many interesting details which throw light on their mode of life.

The statement on the dust cover that this is the first English translation is belied by the preface, which mentions previous ones which were deficient in various respects. Several tricks of idiom suggest that the translators have followed the Spanish as closely as possible, while providing a very readable edition. The book is excellently produced and printed, and its only blemish from this point of view is the inadequate and rather unpleasant-looking map which forms the end papers.

The story is a thrilling one. A large and well-equipped expedition of 1,000 men with a good number of horses landed on the coast of Florida and struck northwards. They travelled as far as the border of North Carolina and then turned westwards, fighting bitterly with some tribes and making friends with others. After many wanderings and many changes of fortune, they reached a point far down on the Alabama River, at the mouth of which ships bearing reinforcements and supplies were expected, but signs of disaffection were apparent, and fearing that some of his men might desert and go to Mexico or Peru, de Soto turned inland again. After crossing the Mississippi the expedition made a large circuit in Arkansas and returned to the river much nearer its mouth. Here de Soto died of a fever just over three years after his first landing in Florida, and under his successor, Luis de Moscoso, the Spaniards set out by land for Mexico. Having wandered in Texas, where they nearly starved, they returned to the Mississippi, and after

further sufferings, succeeded in building some boats. Sailing down the river pursued by hostile Indians, they finally reached the sea. The story ends with the arrival of some 300 tattered and destitute survivors in Pánuco, Mexico, in 1543, where they were succoured by poor Spanish settlers who were wresting a livelihood from land much less fertile than that which the travellers had passed through. Overcome with remorse for having despised these good lands in their search for gold and silver, they blamed one another for the disaster which had overtaken them and fell to fighting among themselves. Finally the survivors dispersed.

Quite apart from the question of its historical merits or shortcomings, the *Florida* has a great reputation as a notable literary work in Spanish. There is not a dull page in this English edition, which confirms the reputation of the original and speaks much for the translation.

Thomas Mann. By Henry Hatfield. Peter Owen. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Hatfield, calling his study of Mann an 'introduction to his fiction', aims to give a critical account of the novels and stories. 'I have tried to treat the various works as aesthetic units, each with its own "central intention", against the background of Mann's general development'. Such a purpose can only be praised. It is reasonable in itself and shows a sense of what is most needed now in the critical study of this novelist. As evil deeds beget evil deeds novels containing ponderous learning beget a ponderous criticism. Mann's works have provoked interminable exegesis. We remember the wealth of biographical comment brought to the artist-bourgeois theme, the political, social, philosophical, and psychological backgrounds evoked for *The Magic Mountain* and *Doktor Faustus*, the deep pits of the anthropological and mythical peered into from the *Joseph* series. Nor can we forget Mann's own generously explicit notes which we have to square with his novels and with our own feelings. Who will tell us at last just how great a novelist Mann is, and why? We know he is serious, of intellectual 'stature', philosophical, ironical, nostalgic for death, beyond the bourgeois, fraught with concern for 'life' (how different the words all sound in English), anxious for the destiny of twentieth-century man, avid of a 'synthesis' if he can lay hold of one. But what is the real quality and distinction of this writer at once so lauded and so assailed?

Mr. Hatfield has certainly kept his head with Mann's self-comment and the wearisome grooves of his antithetical thinking by leaving them out of his study except for spare and judicious reference. He has not, however, really faced up to the problems of Mann's originality, as creative artist and novelist, as, for instance, Herr Holthusen did in a brilliant but hostile essay. It would be untrue to say that he hasn't a point of view. He esteems Mann's works as novels, dislikes the excessive attention paid by some critics to the 'ideological' problems, and rightly thinks that we should discard the notion of a 'virtuoso performing endless variations on a single theme'. Yet his final estimate has a conventional ring. Mann, he says, is versatile; he was capable of a rebirth that produced *The Magic Mountain*, 'one of the most imposing structures erected by the modern mind'; the totality of his work is a 'towering and monumental achievement'. But is it monumental as art, or because, packed with much quasi-philosophical speculation that Mr. Hatfield has himself criticised for its looseness, it is voluminous? The Marxist critics, seizing adroitly on the elements in Mann's work which show it bestraddling in an astonishing way the ideas, events, and social movements of this century in Europe, are both clearer and more pungent.

Schweppshire Post, 1952

With the Compliments
OF
**Schweppshire
Post**
SOCIAL PAGE



Some of us will be breathing a sigh of relief now that to its close draws High Summer. What a month it has been for all of us. Dutiful at Lord's, wise at the Horse Show, and surprised, once again, in the Stewards' Enclosure, at the mad rush of Henley, belying the leafy peacefulness of the River—Death in the Afternoon! One longs, now, to relax in the friendlier, impromptu atmosphere of Goodwood and breathe the air, fresher of the sea, at Cowes. Yet how English it all is, how English we all are.

Deb's Diary

I arrived bright and early at the opening of the Schweppereilli show. Among men—yes, men—present were my friend Jock "Bingle" Bog-Boggs, and Tony Schwepp-Schweppingham, with whom I chatted.

Schweptuagenarian SWIMS CHANNEL

Aunt of Peer's Secretary fed with Tonic Water and Gravy

SURPRISING INTERVIEW

When questioned, Mrs. Boss was understood to say that she "didn't enjoy it, feet very tired," and "needed strong spectacles for threading a needle". Lord Fairchild, interested in the race, said "Good going"

COMING OUT in H.M.S. Schweppshire

Miss Fiona Iffield, seen enjoying herself by the floodlit ha-ha in the grounds

Charity Matinee AT THE SCHWEMBASSY THEATRE

of Schwan House, is not the only one "just-out" present who can wear

INFORMAL EVENING at Schwepstow Castle

a diamond tiara and take a tumble on skis with equal grace.

Well-known Dog Lovers to Wed

Sir Leonard Leg-Legge and his bride Miss Jones met through a mutual animal hobby. Yes, photographed below is her Uralian Setter, his Breton Half-shank Poodle.



ALPINE WEDDING



Johnny "Dalgardo" Phipps, once his hands are off the wheel of his Bentley, loves to scramble up the more fashionable peaks of the Piz Früenfrü. Guests applaud as his bride eagerly climbs Wedding Cake Mountain.

WAGNERIAN WEDDING



BLANKNESSE-FURTHERMORE. Lady Furthermore's younger daughter, keen horsewoman yet fond of books, plans a music career. Train-bearers, Wagnerianly attired, piquantly completed the "Ring" theme.

SOUTHWARD BOUND



Lady Bruce Wince Wincester, off to Schwischia



Miss Joan Crash, nineteenth cousin to the Earl of Schweppery, off to Schwischl



The Honorable Davina Crash, off to Aix-la-Schweppelle

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

Readers will find help on every page of this judicious record of Mann's stories, for the author points to each new interest of subject or technique with a scholarly sense of perspective. The ease with which he has selected for appre-

ciation the salient features of *The Magic Mountain* and *Joseph*, so intricate in their linking of ideas, symbols, and portraiture, is remarkable. Mr. Hatfield assesses with a steady taste, opening his eyes soberly upon Mann's faults, but main-

taining a general admiration. His caution as to Mann's unprecise habit with general concepts deserts him, however, in his opinion of *Doktor Faustus*, which he too easily accepts as a valid parable of Nazi Germany, Faust and Music.

New Novels

Hemlock and After. By Angus Wilson. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

The Garden. By Martin Mewburn. Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.

Campbell's Kingdom. By Hammond Innes. Collins. 10s. 6d.

MR. ANGUS WILSON draws his characters from the contemporary world. He has no *Brideshead* to Revisit, is plagued by no Question of Upbringing, and if he seeks the Heart of the Matter, his search is genuine and not a skilfully conducted treasure hunt headed by an author who has made up all the clues and knows the secret from the start. His tradition is that of the liberal humanist, Mr. E. M. Forster forty years on, creating myths by raising individuals to the power of *n*. But Mr. Wilson is less romantic. There is no sense that any moment the laurel bushes in a Surrey garden will be parted to reveal the disconcerting face of Pan. He builds his symbols up like Ibsen; imperceptibly characters, who first impress us by their down-to-earthness, become airborne. Like Hamlet, they achieve their universality by the violence of their individuality. This is the most powerful of a novelist's or dramatist's methods, to generalise through the particular. *Hemlock and After*, though Mr. Wilson's first, is a novel to be judged by the highest standards. It establishes him immediately as the most important English novelist to come forward since the late war.

His main character is a fifty-eight-year-old novelist, Bernard Sands, whose reputation as a writer, a challenging thinker, and a liberal humanist stands deservedly high. We see Sands in the round, in his relations with his country neighbours, with his wife Ella who some six years previously has had a nervous breakdown and now lives in a private world from which he has given up hope of recalling her, with his son James, a clever, success-seeking barrister, and his daughter Elizabeth, an angularly neurotic journalist on a fashion magazine, and with the homosexual circles into which Bernard has comparatively recently been drawn.

The theme of the book is the conflict between the need for authority and the distaste for power, a conflict which, centred in Bernard himself, spreads through all the groups within his orbit. As a thinker and creative writer, Bernard has drawn his strength from the questioning of authority and the refusal to play the role of Grand Old Man of Letters, for which his ability, his reputation and society in general have combined to cast him. A Grand Old Man Terrible is as far as he is prepared to go; and in this capacity, he has succeeded in inducing university authorities to support and the Treasury to finance the acquisition of a local eighteenth-century mansion, to be run as a centre for young writers for a probationary period of three years. Characteristically he has stipulated that the centre should be run by the writers themselves without interference from a board of governors or Treasury administrators, and such is the prestige in which he is held that even this provision has been accepted. Sands himself is therefore morally responsible for the success of this venture and is thrust into the very position of power which he is anxious to avoid. He is played upon by roughly two groups, those who, like his son James, wish to turn him into a G.O.M., a stuffed effigy of official authority, and those

who, like the obscene figure of evil, Mrs. Curry, wish to use his human weakness to undermine the position of unofficial authority which he occupies in virtue of his personal greatness.

The novel falls into four parts. In the first, Sands discovers that the peculiar sense of evil symbolised by Mrs. Curry and others actually resides in his own soul. The second deals with the paralysis of his emotional and mental powers, as a result of this discovery, at the moment when it is most vital he should be in full possession of them. The third shows how with his failing powers he sets about tackling the quite objective evils outside himself, without recourse to that external authority which he distrusts. In this section, his wife and daughter, whose natural growth has been overshadowed by his stature, begin to develop rapidly, until in the Epilogue it is they who set themselves to fulfil the dead man's wishes, and in a surprisingly short time succeed in overturning everything for which he stood, everything, that is to say, except his written work which even their misguided zeal cannot unwrite. *Hemlock and After* is not a book to get from the circulating library; it is a book to buy and read many times. Extremely witty and superficially rewarding, it yet contains more than half a dozen of the averagely good novels of the same length.

The Garden by Martin Mewburn must be considered merely as a first novel; and as such it is very promising. The garden is in Notting Hill Gate, a communal garden shared by the occupants of the square, old Miss Allardyce, middle-aged Mrs. Peters and her buxom school-girl daughter Hilary, the musical Baillies, and the unhappy Challinors, fifty-year-old Brigadier Challinor, his demi-vierge wife of thifty, and his ten-year-old son Kem. Into the garden comes Tony Travers, born in London, brought up in Paris, an Englishman in France and in England. Tony is the catalyst of the unhappiness which till his arrival has hung suspended over the square. A figure of Gallic logic, he appears in turn delightful, cynical, forlorn, and wise.

It is difficult to prophesy in what direction Mr. Mewburn's undoubted talent will lead him. His characterisation of Mrs. Challinor, Kem, Elizabeth Baillie, and Tony Travers is clearcut and original. His desire for neatness in plot, which carries the action forward with the ease of good film continuity, leads him to a conclusion which has no less than four happy endings, to achieve which he is forced to oversimplify and sentimentalise the Brigadier, Mrs. Peters, and even Tony himself. From his next novel it will be clearer which road the author intends to travel, the hard path of literature or the arterial road to bestsellerdom.

There is no doubt about the path which Mr. Hammond Innes has chosen. *Campbell's Kingdom* is a yarn of courage, enterprise, and adventure laid in the Rocky Mountains of Canada. It has all the elements of the old Western: old Campbell himself, an oil prospector who has spent a lifetime trying to prove that there is oil in the Rockies; the rough, tough financiers who fake

oil surveys, build dams out of faulty cement and hire crooked lawyers; the gallant young war-hero who goes out West with cancer in the stomach and two months to live and cures himself psychologically by hard clean living and battling with the elements and the bosses; the two old spinsters with tables of bamboo, mattresses of feathers and hearts (as well as bags) of gold. There is also a heroine who is good and plucky, a storekeeper who talks stage Scots and a half-breed Indian of a moody disposition. The plot is full of suspense, with gangs of labourers building a dam to flood Campbell's Kingdom, while a handful of men drill desperately deeper and deeper to find oil. What does it matter that we know that everything will turn out right in the end, that the cancer will vanish and the oil appear, that the dam will burst and the girl will stand fast?

Also recommended, *Chance Acquaintances*, by Colette (Secker and Warburg, 12s. 6d.), two short novels translated by Roger Senhouse. 'Chance Acquaintances' (*Chambre d'hôtel*), the name piece was first published by Colette in Paris in 1940. It is in her earlier manner, a story told in the first person of her meeting in a health resort a married couple, towards whom she is attracted. At first she prefers the husband, but finally is won over to the invalid wife. This does not prevent her assisting the husband in an intrigue, which she realises may estrange her from the wife. She is not prepared for the ingratitude of the husband or for the full revelation of his weakness. The second story 'Julie de Cannelhan' (Paris 1941) is a straight novel in her later manner, a delightful portrait of the retirement of a much-married and beloved beauty from the elegant poverty of Paris on the eve of the late war. Her relationship with the Comte d'Espivant, her favourite but least worthy ex-husband, is a little masterpiece of wit and intrigue. Of a broader humour is *The Tea-House of the August Moon*, by V. J. Sneider (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). Those who consider that Americans are inclined to take the exportation of their brand of democracy too seriously will immensely enjoy this comedy of the American occupation of Okinawa, by an American who served in the Pacific and was himself Area Supervisor of a village on that island. Between the plans for the democratisation of the Okinawans laid in the United States, largely by the wife of Colonel Wainwright Purdy III, and their execution by Captain Jeff Fisby in the village of Tobiki, there was anyway a certain change in emphasis, even before Captain Fisby accepted an unspecified gift from a grateful Japanese. When the gift turned out to be two Geisha girls, of great charm and accomplishment to say nothing of local influence, the plan to democratise Tobiki took on fantastic forms which proved that it had at last taken root in the native soil. If its flowers were unlike anything which the Colonel or his lady anticipated, this was only proof of the powerful influence of climate. A genial and yet perceptive book, which made me laugh a lot.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION*

Of Human Endurance

AS A DEPUTY for my colleague I must walk warily on Pound's Ground, picking my way among Test Matches, interviews with chancellors, and trips around the Louvre with Dimpleby. It has been an exhausting period, ending in *deutscher Ernst* ('Arrow to the Heart' which I will consider next week) and starting with farewells to Paris and much ado about the forces at home at the White City. A week, then, of Ta-ta and Tattoo. On Monday we were dragged early from bed to watch what some guide-books fatally call 'the military defilement'—down the Champs Elysées and past the President, both looking at that hour something less than magical.



Renoir's 'Moulin de la Galette' in 'Pleasures in Paintings' on July 17

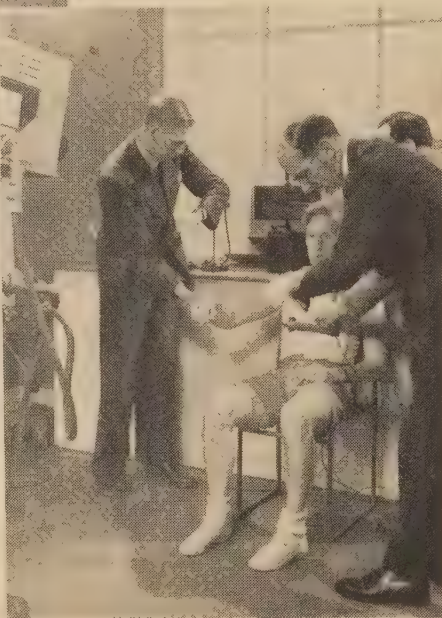
I found the parade dull and the comments unhelpful, but had expected little in any case. In the evening we had the much touted gaieties of the *bal populaire* on the Place d'Aligre and here much of the disappointment was attributable to the breathless enthusiasm of the puff preliminary. So this was it! American style crooning and a forest of unsmiling, tired faces, some of them surmounted by children 'who ought to have been in bed long ago'. The high spirits mostly came from Miss Peters and Mr. Dimpleby and there was a creditable effort on every side not to let the party down, but by the time we had all nearly swallowed our tongues trying to say *Au revoir* in the best style, most of us were quite ready to add 'Good night, Paris' and call it a day. The whole excursion, however, was worth making.

I well believe what the commentator was at

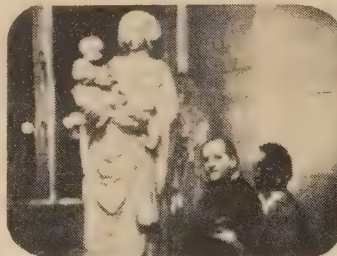
pains to remind us—that the White City tattoo was, in the flesh, a splendid show. Such pageants are much enjoyed by those who take part in them, but seem very often to occasion the maximum effort for the minimum return; not Sarah Bernhardt in all her glory, I am sure, could have put more into being 'Queen Elizabeth I at Tilbury' than the brave lady soldier we

saw enacting the part. But on a small screen the effect was somewhat less than heart stirring; small and dissipated, rather; and why is it so hard to hear this kind of show? But at least the jamboree was no worse than the Parisian tournament of the week before where a kind of dismounted football-polo touched the nadir; number one of the sports which are not improved by television. Among these latter, to what howls of rage I cannot guess, I include cricket. Tennis one can really watch. With cricket the vital space is so foreshortened and the ball so often invisible that it is only with great strain that one can share imaginatively in what is happening. Watched through a glass darkly, The Test becomes a trial of a different sort.

As if to mock us in our misery, one programme is actually called 'The Limits of Human Endurance'. It turned out, on this occasion, to be most lively and revealing. Dr. Stephen



Scene from 'The Limits of Human Endurance' on July 18: a cyclist being tested for fatigue



Seen by viewers during the Franco-British television week: left, 'A Visit to the Louvre' on July 9; right, High Mass at the Basilique de Saint Denis, Paris, on July 13

John Cura

Taylor is not yet the perfect television *compère*; like all novices he still makes those furtive side-long glances, into the monitor, which always remind me of a vain woman peeping at herself in a compactum held beneath the table edge. But his broad, infectiously interested manner, the intelligence which streams out of his face and voice make up for, and tide over, all such irritants. We saw a rare show. Bespectacled and breathless cyclists pounded into the studio and we heard their heart-beats on a machine, as loud as one's own heart when one stands up suddenly to adjust the set and doubly marvellous in that one somehow rather doubted if professional cyclists *had* hearts at all. We also measured their wind (with a machine) and their inner thoughts (mirrored in their scared white faces) and learned . . . but what it was we learned escapes me now. That fatigue makes us careless, was it? Such a conclusion looks rather fatuous on paper but of course fatuity *does* dog nearly all such B.B.C. popularisations where the effort to please too many people at once ends by displeasing all those who really care.

Still, 'The Limits' was within limits good viewing and not without a certain Heath Robinson charm too. This latter came grandly to the fore again with the 'Inventors' Club' session; how marvellous is the gadget-mindedness of that quiet Kipsian stratum of society. Specially delightful is the appropriate jargon whereby holes become 'orifices', openings 'apertures', and nothing is used where it can be 'utilised'. A suggestion: can no one invent a clip which will hold down the backs of the jackets of male television victims? That hump of cloth at the back of the neck gets on our nerves. No fashion plate myself, I submit that it is bad enough to see celebrities clutching themselves, scratching, sniffing and shifting, without their also looking as if they had been sleeping in their clothes for the last fortnight.

I felt sorry for Miss Joan Gilbert in 'Week-End Magazine'; her acute nervousness put me very much on edge; a clear case, it seemed, of hostess' neurosis from which we all suffer even with—indeed because of—the best of guests. A farouche art fancier, a set of mechanical dolls, and Mr. Gilbert Harding making ravioli of course might unnerve anyone, but surely Miss Gilbert could rely a little more on her great personal charm and not urge the party forward so strenuously. When a toy tiger made clockwork lunges and fell on its side, Miss Gilbert let forth what I can only think disproportionate shrieks of excitement and seemed herself ready to fall over.

Mr. Geoffrey Grigson made no such mistake, though he, too, in an effort to assure us how

* Mr. Pound is away, and will be resuming his articles on August 21

much better the masterpieces of an art gallery look in colour tended to work rather too hard. 'Pleasures in Paintings' is necessarily a handicapped programme but, like Mozart on the Chinese fiddle, is better than not at all. Moving pictures, or rather trailers, shown in 'Current Release' successfully blunted our appetite for the whole thing. The contrast between the self-assured movie-acting and the anxious introductions was often rather comic.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

Court and Personal

NOT QUITE HALF-A-CENTURY AGO, a dramatist who was presented at the Court received in effect the accolade of the intellectual theatre, the Theatre of Ideas which had its heart in Sloane Square, off the west end run. The Third Programme, inviting us to recapture some of the pleasures of this Edwardian noon, has begun with Maeterlinck and goes on to Hankin (I hope to speak later of 'The Return of the Prodigal') and to Granville Barker. The Maeterlinck, 'Aglavaine and Selysette', returns to us strangely now. It was never one of the show-pieces of the Court's Thousand Performances; but its poignancy is undeniable. We do mourn with the child-wife who finds herself in a sad tangle of relationships, and who cuts the knot by suicide. The trouble is that, when spoken, the play sighs on too long. We seem to be hearing it through a curtain; there are moments when the Philistine surges up, and we wish that Maeterlinck's far-away and long-ago atmosphere could be invaded by what Gilbert called 'a commonplace type with a stick and a pipe and a half-bred black-and-tan'.

Even so, 'little Selysette's' plight must still move us; Marjorie Westbury's voice, at the last, would have melted flint. Pamela Brown was always in key as Aglavaine who says that she wants to learn to touch without hurting; and, as the husband in difficulties, John van Eyssen strode manfully through this twilit world. Now and again, though not often—for Hugh Stewart, the producer, was watchful—the play trapped all three into a kind of crooning chant, the voice that goes with near-poetry. The world, according to Maeterlinck, is happier for a beautiful thought. If no one gets markedly happier in 'Aglavaine', it does haunt the mind more than many would have guessed. On now to familiar things: to Hankin's Prodigal and, later, to the table-talk of the Voyseys.

Hankin has also turned up unexpectedly in a double bill (Home) which his little comedy, 'The Constant Lover', shared with a curious drive into the eighteenth century. The curtain-raiser, philanderer and girl under the tree, is graceful babes-in-the-wood persiflage. It was leagues from Dick Cross' 'The Fall of Dandy Dick' (which has nothing whatever to do with Pinero). This is the adventure of a Bow Street runner, one of the red-waistcoated 'Robin Redbreasts' of his day, told in person by the runner himself, Tom Townsend, a rather gloomily relishing Cockney as presented by Charles Leno. The business, tough and tiresome, is an anecdote, crusted with thieves' slang (boozing-kens and diddle-grigging), about Lady Sophia who does a taming-of-the-shrew act in reverse. We gather that Dandy Dick might have made the 'Tyburn march', nosegay in hand, halter about his neck. He does not because he and the determined Sophia are spliced by a debtor-parson; so aboard the lugger and away to France. 'The deuce is in it', Lord Tappertit (the name is a Dickensian borrowing) observes at the end of a long fifty minutes. I agree.

'Ladies, For You' (Home) is the more civilised side of the eighteenth century. We are with Richard Sheridan, Elizabeth Linley, and the

bellicose 'Captain' Mathews at Bath. Norman Ginsbury knows about the portrait-play. His Sheridan is plausible, not a form in wax, and Peter Coke adds his own charm. There is little of that valuable quality in Dorothy Blewett's 'Quiet Night' (Home), a noisy little piece about the personal affairs of nurses in an Australian hospital—ministering angels with pain-and-anguish of their own, and a Matron to dominate them. At the end I was running a temperature.

The week's best feature was Patric Dickinson's probing intelligent study (revealing and revaluing) of 'Rupert Brooke' (Third): one poet faithfully and generously interpreted by another. I was less happy about the portrait of Sir Edward Coke (Home) which appeared sometimes to be straining for effect. But we had in it much eloquent speaking by John Phillips: he gave a genuine idea of what the great lawyer might have been, a court-and-personal study that will linger when the programme is lost.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Sightseeing

IN SUMMER the British public spends much of its spare time in sightseeing. I do a little myself in a quiet way and the B.B.C., in its more audible, sometimes indeed in its noisy way, is at present hard at it, while I, sitting at home, vicariously accompany it. But during these second-sight *séances* I occasionally have the humiliating feeling that my guides have ceased to be aware that I am hungrily, if invisibly, present and that their job is to make me see and feel, not merely hear. I described five weeks ago an excellent example of these sightseeing programmes which took me to Lincoln's Inn Fields. A fortnight ago, with hopes less high, I accompanied the B.B.C. to Leicester Square—less high because Leicester Square, we must admit, is nothing to write home about, and I was curious to see if my guides would manage to galvanise a soul into the poor old thing. Wynford Vaughan Thomas assured me at the outset that the Square has 'made a unity of its own which it still keeps'. I doubt it, but if it does, it was keeping it very close that evening. I received heavy doses of miscellaneous information—about billiards, theatrical costumes and the making of them, the Royal Dental Hospital, the H.Q. of the R.S.P.C.C. and so on, but visibility was next to nil. My eyes remained blinkered and my pulse did not quicken. The team resolutely left me out in the cold.

Nothing daunted, I allowed the B.B.C. to take me last week to three historic houses. We made one job of a couple of them and polished them off in twenty-two minutes. Henry Riddell was my guide at Sawston Hall, near Cambridge, and Max Robertson at Rudyard Kipling's last home, Bateman's, at Burwash, Sussex. Here again the indispensable visual element was weak; I was left with no coherent impression of either house and, even if my guides had been more careful to 'take me with them', muddled impressions were insured by the deplorable device of jumping to and fro between Mr. Riddell at Sawston Hall and Mr. Robertson at Bateman's, a proceeding much the same as taking two or more photographs on one film.

Would I fare better, I timidly asked myself, at Apsley House? I did, after a gruelling start. The programme led off, in fact, with a loud and prolonged roll of drums which set me first consulting *Radio Times* and then tinkering at my set, under the impression that it was suffering from an unusually bad attack of that distressing malady, interruption. Then the noise changed, grew even more disturbing and soon it had become unmistakably the noise of the dear old London traffic, unendurable in a modest sitting-

room measuring nineteen feet by fifteen. Then, to make matters worse, Raymond Baxter joined in, yelling to me at the top of his voice that he was on the doorstep of the Iron Duke's London house.

Never was there a less propitious start. But eventually he got inside and, thank the Lord, shut the door, and there ensued, contrary to all expectation, a delightful tour of the great house. Raymond Baxter and Henry Riddell, with the authoritative aid of Charles Gibbs-Smith and Sir Leigh Ashton, showed me round and *veni, vidi, victus eram* (Latinists please check!). In plain English, I was there, I saw, and my initial prejudices were totally disarmed. History was agreeably fused with graphic description and I was left with a burning desire to visit the Wellington Museum.

On the previous evening Francis Noel-Baker had transported me to the island of Euboea in Greece. I recall a previous enjoyable visit under his guidance a year or two ago. He described the present state of things there from the point of view of a peasant. He is a good broadcaster who knows how to present clearly a complex political and social situation and to set it in scenes which stimulate the inward eye.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Trumpet Time

BLOWING ONE'S OWN TRUMPET, as an individual, is decidedly 'not done'. But need the ban apply also to corporate activities? Last week what purports to be an important festival of contemporary British music took place at Cheltenham. In any other country in the world such a national event would certainly be included in one or other of the various broadcast programmes. All that the B.B.C. purveyed to its audience was part of one concert on the Wednesday evening, which was relayed in the Home Service, and a local (Midland Regional) broadcast of a concert of light music last Sunday.

I am well aware of a weakness in my argument, for it may be said that none of the new works presented during the week was of first-rate importance; comparable, that is, with the symphonies of John Gardner and Racine Fricker, not to mention more famous composers, produced at previous festivals. But Arthur Benjamin's Pianoforte Concerto, if not 'important', is the work of a fine musician who does not scorn to make his music agreeable to the ear and effective to play. Brilliantly performed by Jacques Abram, it deserved a larger audience than the one in the hall. John Veale's Symphony, too, was quite as worthy of a hearing on the air as much of the music that does reach us. Unadventurous in harmony, this symphonic movement yet is evidence of a genuine gift for composition; it proceeds in one large curve from start to finish. That it seemed incomplete as a work, requiring the complement and contrasts of, say, two other movements, need not blind one to a real achievement.

The new work which was broadcast—John Gardner's 'Variations on a Waltz of Carl Nielsen'—was rather disappointing as a successor to last year's Symphony. The theme chosen lacked the decided features which make the foundation of a work in this form. And, surely, the melody, such as it is, should be, not vaguely whispered, but stated plainly and definitely at the outset, so that it may be finally impressed upon one's memory. There were many interesting moments in the Variations, though the scoring seemed to need touching up in places. Altogether the best work in this broadcast programme was E. J. Moeran's Serenade, of which the Hallé Orchestra under Barbirolli gave a splendid performance.

From Cheltenham I managed to dash (via the loudspeaker) to Glyndebourne for an act of 'Cosi fan tutte' and regretted that I could not stay for the second. For this was, musically, one of the best performances even Glyndebourne has given of this enchanting work. Signor Gui does not bring such tension to the music as Busch did, but, dramatic though the German conductor made his points, I am not sure that this was not a more truly Mozartian reading. The singing was excellent, the newcomers to

the cast (Anna Pollak, Sesto Bruscantini, and Dezsö Ernster) equalling the accomplishment of the established favourites. The bass was, perhaps, a little heavy for the solo music, but in the ensembles, which are the special glory of the opera, he provided a rock-firm and finely sonorous foundation to the harmony.

Earlier in the week we had two performances of 'Zaide', the most mature of the unfamiliar dramatic works of Mozart brought out by the Third Programme at the Royal Festival Hall.

Ineffective as an opera—it is not surprising that Mozart dropped it in favour of 'Seraglio'—it contains some fine individual airs, notably Soliman's 'Der stolze Löwe' and Zaide's last two songs. These were finely sung by Alexander Young and Gre Brouwenstijn. There is still 'L'Oca del Cairo' to do. Perhaps this is too fragmentary for a public concert-performance, even with a linking narrative, but it would be worth a studio performance.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Carissimi and the Roman Oratorio

By H. F. REDLICH

'Jephthe' will be broadcast at 7.0 p.m. on Sunday, July 27 (Third)


DURING the past year or two, Italian scholarship has been busy lifting the veil of unsubstantiated historic anecdote which has so long enshrouded the figure of the principal architect of oratorio and the solo cantata. The first volume of a complete and critical edition of Carissimi's works has recently been published in Rome (under the chief editorship of Federico Ghisi) in which a reproduction of the composer's famous portrait—for the past two centuries considered lost and only a short while ago rediscovered in Paris—takes pride of place. In Giacomo Carissimi's features the Lazzaroni-like fierceness of black hair and moustache seems offset by the poignant melancholy of his eyes. They clearly betray a man of violent emotions, predestined to carry out the artistic legacy of Monteverdi's *stile concitato*. The results of Professor Ghisi's research have at last clarified numerous points of issue in the composer's biography and bibliography.

The original family-name of Amico was changed to Carissimi by the composer's father, a cooper by trade. Giacomo himself—one of many children—was born in Marino, near Rome, on April 18, 1605. He lost both parents at an early age and started on his musical career in 1623 as chorister at the Cathedral of Tivoli. He continued there as organist under Francesco Manelli's direction from 1625 on, until he was appointed *maestro di cappella* of the Cathedral S. Rufino in Assisi in 1628. Only two years later, in 1630, Carissimi became choirmaster at the church of S. Apollinare in Rome. This church was attached to the Collegium Germanicum-Hungaricum, a seminary for the young clergy selected from the provinces of the Habsburg Empire. In this modest, yet not unimportant position, Carissimi remained until his death on January 12, 1674.

Earlier writers were inclined to believe that Carissimi leapt into fame in 1650 through the sensational praise bestowed on him by Athanasius Kircher, in his famous *Musurgia Universalis*, who even published on this occasion parts of the oratorio 'Jephthe', which must have been composed before 1649. However, Carissimi's achievement as a composer of startlingly dramatic biblical oratorios had received much earlier acknowledgment by Austrian sovereigns, such as Ferdinand III (1637-1657) and his successor Leopold I (1657-1705), both composers of considerable skill, who tried unsuccessfully to make him enter their service. Among the later oratorios of Carissimi, his 'Historia di Abramo e Isacco' won for him signal honours from Queen Christina of Sweden, who witnessed the first performance in Lent 1656, in the church of the Collegium Germanicum. Carissimi's posthumous fame is

finally reflected in the notable fact that after his death a papal *Breve* prohibited the sale and hire of his works, safely deposited in the library of the Collegium Germanicum. However, when the Jesuits were suppressed in Italy during the eighteenth century, the archives of S. Apollinare were ransacked and their contents sold as waste paper...

Carissimi's sixteen oratorios and 'Histories' had to contend with fierce competition from such formidable contemporaries in this field as Francesco Foggia and Bonifazio Gratiani, who both appeared around 1650 as industrious composers for the Roman Lent. The chief elements of this type of oratorio (which triumphantly proved its durability in Carissimi's case)—the function of the *testo* (narrator), the dialogue character of the solo sections, a general predilection for biblical subjects, but also the curious fact that the narrator's part was in turn allotted to a real soloist or to a polyphonic team of singers—may be detected in the devotional music of Rome in general, preceding the epoch of Carissimi's activity. Spiritual opera-oratorios such as Cavalieri's 'Rappresentazione' (1600), Marrazoli's opera-allegory 'La vita humana' (1656), Stefano Landi's 'San Alessio' (1632), Domenico Mazzocchi's *oratorio volgare*, 'La querimonia di S. Maria Maddalena' (c. 1640), no less than the remarkably early dialogue-cantata 'The Ejection from Paradise' (1611) by the Venetian Biagio Tommasi undoubtedly paved the way for Carissimi's mature conception of the *oratorio latino*. But, compared with this musico-political propaganda in the wake of the counter-reformatory *ecclesia militans*, Carissimi and his anonymous librettist impress by their aristocratic aloofness.

Carissimi's oratorios (with the exception of 'Daniele' of doubtful authenticity and the lost 'Giuditta', both composed on the vernacular texts of the *oratorio volgare*) are based on Latin texts, dexterously culled from the Vulgate and adorned by dramatic *accidenti verissimi*, freely invented anecdotal episodes. The Latin words determine the shape and rhythm of Carissimi's impressive recitative style. The peculiarity of Latin, with its insistence on a declamatory balance between long and short syllables, is ultimately responsible for Carissimi's tendency to employ incisively scanned dactylic and anapaestic rhythms for his choral sections. The latter, at once overwhelming by their dramatic explosiveness and disappointing by their primitive harmonies, owe their archetypal patterns clearly to Monteverdi's late experimental work. The battle chorus 'Fuggite, fuggite,' based on a dactylic motif  in Carissimi's 'Jephthe' is an organic offspring of Monteverdi's 'Altri canti d'amor' from the *Madrigali guerrieri* of his eighth book of madrigals (1638). The com-

parative harmonic poverty of these choruses is as much premeditated as their general lack of polyphony. Carissimi focuses attention on the ethical significance of his text, deliberately excluding all the refinements of the 'expressionist' style, created early in the century by the Gabriellis, Gesualdo, and Monteverdi. The endeavour to establish a real artistic equilibrium between chorus and soloists inspires Carissimi to the creation of a *cantabile* style of classical proportions.

In this respect 'Jephthe' remains the undisputed masterpiece of the whole species. It is in the arioso parts of the great dialogue between the prostrate Jephthah and his heroic daughter (the Iphis of Handel's later oratorio on the same subject), that Carissimi—the founder of modern harmony, modulation, and the *bel canto* style of the eight-bar period—occasionally peeps over the shoulder of the zealous member of the archconfraternity of S. Crocifisso... Not only the final chorus of 'Jephthe', with the unsentimental grandeur of its lamentation 'Plorate, filii' found an echo a century later in Handel's 'Samson'. But the moving plaint of Jephthah's daughter, bemoaning her cruel fate—'Plorate, colles, dolete, montes', by using the later famous chord of the Neapolitan sixth created the archetype of a formula which was to remain inexhaustible for more than three centuries. It recurs in other oratorios by Carissimi as well, and nowhere with more conviction than in the little dialogue-cantata, 'Historia d'Ezechia' (published for the first time by Professor Ghisi), accompanying the hero's cry to God for mercy.

It is difficult to determine today the way in which Carissimi's oratorios were originally performed. The extant (non-autograph) manuscript copies leave much in doubt. It is possible that a greater body of strings may have reproduced the meagre parts of two violins and bass which occasionally punctuate the chorus and the soloists with short but often dramatic ritornelli. The transcription of 'Jephthe' by Vittorio Gui, who is to conduct next Sunday's performance, uses harps, triangle, and harpsichord in addition to the traditional strings and organ. The realisation of the basso continuo in his edition (published in 1925) is guided by the idiosyncrasies of a musician brought up in the post-romantic tradition.

Music Book (Hinrichsen, 25s.), the seventh volume of *Hinrichsen's Musical Year Book*, is a remarkable 750-page compilation of historical and topical information, with special sections on Bach, Grieg, Verdi, and Schönberg. The format is unattractive and too many diverse subjects have been crowded together, but *Music Book* offers a rich and often rewarding field for the browser.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

HOT-WEATHER JOBS

THERE IS NO DOUBT that, especially during a hot, dry summer, one has to be just that little bit extra fussy about such things as waste pipes, and gullies, and drains, and so on. Let us deal, then, with two kinds of jobs: those to be done weekly and those to be done monthly.

The first weekly job, I think, is the gully where the waste water from the kitchen sink discharges. It takes only about five minutes to take up the little iron grid and scrub the concrete surround and the groove in which the grid rests with hot water with a little disinfectant in it. Then take the grid and drop it in the same water to soak for half an hour: that will loosen the grease and muck from it so that it is easily scrubbed clean.

The other weekly job is the waste pipe from the kitchen sink. In the ordinary way, the inside of this pipe gets coated with grease deposited from the greasy water that is poured down it. It is this grease that produces a musty smell, and, more important, it also produces stopped up kitchen sinks. Scraps of food, shreds of washing up cloths, and so on lodge in the grease, especially at bends in the pipe, and eventually stop the thing up. Stop up the end of the pipe where it discharges over the gully with a woody plug, or a piece of cloth. Now take boiling water, dissolve a handful of soda in it, and fill up the pipe from the sink end. Leave it to soak for half an hour and then take out the plug and rinse it through with clean water. The soda will dissolve the grease, and this will not only prevent smells but will ensure that you will never have a stopped up sink.

Now for the monthly jobs. First, the gully again. That gully is the upper end of an earthenware pipe that leads to the drains. The

pipe has a U-shaped bend in it. Water is trapped in the bend, forming a water seal which prevents smells rising direct from the drains. The bend in the gully will get choked up if it is not cleared now and then. It means lifting up the grid and getting your hand and arm down there and really clearing. Unpleasant—but it only takes a minute, and, anyway, it is a job that might well be undertaken once a month by the man of the house.

The same applies to the other monthly job—swilling out the drain inspection chamber. This lives under a square, iron plate—and you may have two of them, one at the front and one at the back of the house. All that is necessary is to lift up the plate and swill the chamber down with two or three buckets of water with a little disinfectant in it. The cheapest disinfectant is made by dissolving a few crystals of potassium permanganate in water—just enough to turn the water a deep-pink colour. Before the iron lid is replaced, check that the groove in which it rests is well greased. The grease makes an airtight seal and is another safeguard against smells.

W. P. MATTHEW

CHOOSING LINOLEUM

If you have to cover your floor cheaply you can buy a felt-base floor covering at 3s. 11d. a square yard; or—a better proposition—a printed linoleum at 5s. 6d. a square yard. If you can afford to do things as well as possible, then I would suggest inlaid linoleum costing from between 9s. 11d. to 17s. 5d. a square yard.

For the kitchen, you should buy the best inlaid linoleum you can afford, for you are going to give the floor a tremendous amount of hard wear. And you do not want every mark to show, so I would choose a pattern—jaspe,

perhaps, or a marbled effect. Plain-coloured linoleum takes a great deal of cleaning and polishing to keep it looking nice. The bathroom floor, too, should be covered in inlaid linoleum. In the bedrooms it is possible to economise, and printed linoleum will do very well.

Linoleum should always be laid on as level a surface as possible, otherwise it will crack. If there is unevenness because floorboards are not level, then I advise putting down a paper underlay, which costs 9d. or 1s. a square yard.

GERALD LENTON

Notes on Contributors

WILLIAM PICKLES (page 123): Senior Lecturer in Political Science, London School of Economics

ROLAND THORNTON, M.C. (page 125): a partner in a Liverpool shipping firm; Deputy Chairman of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board; author of *British Shipping*

HAROLD WINCOTT (page 126): editor of the *Investor's Chronicle*; author of *The Stock Exchange*

MARY MCCARTHY (page 136): American novelist; author of *Cast a Cold Eye* and *A Source of Embarrassment* (short stories), *The Groves of Academe* (novel), etc.

PEYTON ROUS, SC.D., M.D. (page 138): Member Emeritus, Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, Foreign Member of the Royal Society

DR. R. W. CHAPMAN (page 148): Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, 1931-47; author of *Jane Austen: Facts and Problems*, *The Portrait of a Scholar*, etc.; editor of *Jane Austen's Letters*, *The Novels of Jane Austen*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,160

Trisected Angles.

By Trand

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, July 31

BDEC is a straight line and AD, AE trisect the angle BAC. Thus in triangle ABE, $AB/AE = BD/DE$, and similarly in triangle ADC. In each of the triangles listed below, AB is greater than AC. Capitals and Greek letters refer to clues across, and small letters to clues down.

	AB	AD	AE	AC	BD	DE	EC
1.	N	H	A	A	O	H/2	U
2.	K+u	7A	f	c	d-g	a	O
3.	8L	X	a	s	e+c	e	d-g
4.	S	a	P	J	7R	c	v
5.	k	F	h	t	Q	W	m
6.	x	R	2D	R	Y	B	B
7.	j	q	W	p	n	Z	x
8.	7R	T	K	2R	m	2V	A
9.	M	h	(I+H-A)	r+7A	i	u	n
10.	E	g	w-A	7T/2	C	L+β	m
11.	L	G	A	β	N	V	A



Prizewinners:
1st prize: E. B. Uvarov (Coventry);
2nd prize: F. Dale (Felixstowe); 3rd prize: R. W. Bool (Whitton)

Solution of No. 1,158

NOTES

1-35 and 2-36. Ezekiel 3, 3, 20-33, h(ear)t. 23-34. Nora: I. 9-21. TARIFF. 24-32. SWARTH and THRAWS (Scotch). 5-13. SAGEST and STAGES. 16-28. BEAUNE (bone). 18-26. PRESS. 29-34. CAIRN. 3-8. TREND. 11-19. CHEFS (see Chambers's). 25-36. MYRRHINE. 1-12. HARBOURS (h(bar)ours). 6-13. CHIRRS. 15-2. WHIFRES and HEWERS. 12-22. BUTTES (but set=anag.). 24-31. HARASS (. . . ass). 4-7. RUINS (rus in=anag.). 10-18. SHELF and FLESH. 19-27. BOWLS and BLOWS. 30-33. TONIC (pu(t on ice)). 2-9. MANIFEST (Ro(man if est)). 28-35. SERENITY (seren(dip)ity).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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